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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

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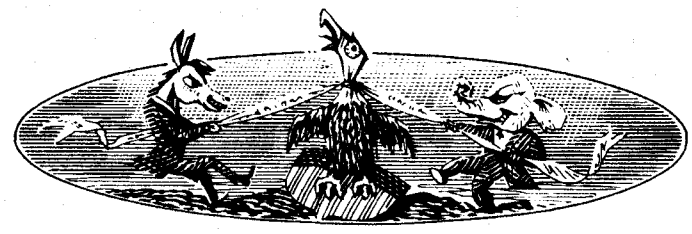

THE ONCE AND FUTURE ISRAEL

by Tom Bethell

The longshoreman philosopher Eric Hoffer said in 1967 that "if Israel fails, then history can have no meaning." The rebirth of the Jewish state in the Promised Land after nearly 2,000 years' dispersion, and coming as it did so soon after the deliberate destruction of perhaps one-third of the world's Jews, is an event so improbable that one can without hyperbole call it miraculous.

As we read about Israel daily in the newspapers, in particular the present struggle of the Israelis with the assemblage of terrorists in Beirut who for nearly 20 years have been planning nothing but the destruction of Israel—today they daily grant interviews to our journalists and solemnly negotiate with our shameful emissaries—it is easy to forget how remarkable it is that the state of Israel exists at all. As Eric Hoffer rightly says, it gives a meaning to history that otherwise might not be discernible.

Of all the oddities of the Jewish people throughout their peculiar and stirring history, nothing can quite compare with their unassimilable nature; of which Hilaire Belloc wrote (in a book, published before World War II, urgently advocating the creation of a Jewish state):

> Nation after nation has absorbed larger, intensely hostile minorities: the Irish, their successive invaders; the British, the pirates of the fifth and eighth centuries, and the French of three centuries more; the northern Gauls, their auxiliaries; the Italians, the Lombards; the Greeks, the Slav; the Dacian has absorbed even the Mongol; but the Jew has remained intact.
>
> However we explain this—mystically or in whatever other fashion—we cannot deny its truth. It is true of the Jews, and of the Jews alone, that they alone have maintained, whether through the special action of Providence or through some general biological or social law of which we are ignorant, an unfailing entity and an equally unfailing differentiation between themselves and the society through which they ceaselessly move.

We may surmise that just as the Jewish state in Palestine 2,000 years ago was a kind of launching pad for the most momentous events in history—the life and death of Jesus Christ and the establishment of Christianity—so the reappearance of the Jewish state in the same geographical location today will probably be the occasion for some renewed drama. What might this be?

If we look at the world's stage today, who or where are the significant actors? In the first place we see an America undoubtedly in a phase of fairly rapid decline, probably irreversible. Countries don't get any younger, any more than people do. At the very pinnacle of its power and achievement, at the end of World War II, America simply declined to accept the major role in the world that was then easily available to it by default. At the same time, however, and in the generation that has since elapsed, America did play a major role in the creation, launching, and arming of the reborn Israel. Perhaps in so doing America fulfilled its destiny.

There is also the Soviet Union, and today the Soviets play a role comparable to that of Moloch in the ancient world: a god that is feared and dreaded and must be appeased by human sacrifice. Be nice to the Soviet bear—and it will devour you last. As I shall try to explain, it is just possible that the role of Israel now is to destroy the Soviet Moloch. In fact, this may already be underway.

There can be no doubt that, in addition to the growing number of countries that have been militarily satellized by the Soviet Union, sizable and increasing segments of elite opinion in Western Europe and the United States have likewise been morally satellized by the Soviets. Recognizing that that country is a dangerously armed prison camp, its rulers lacking legitimacy and its subjects reduced to near slave status, many in the West (lacking any convictions of their own and finding no basis in the "consumer society" for feeling morally superior to anyone) have simply responded to news of the Soviet Moloch with fear, and a desire to placate it (dressed up in the rhetoric of "negotiating our differences").

The same is not true of Israel, however. No doubt largely as a result of the Holocaust, almost alone among the democracies, Israel does not question its own moral legitimacy. It is not difficult to see that Menachem Begin is not afraid of anyone, which is the most important quality a national or any other kind of leader can have. The unintimidated status of Israel is, of course, most unwelcome to the Soviet Union, whose influence in the world derives from fear and nothing else.

But there is something else of greater significance. The ideology of Communism which energized the Bolshevik revolution and formed the basis of the Soviet state under Lenin was to a surprising extent Jewish in origin; experienced by Jews, transmitted by them. A generation passed, and the Jewish state was created. A generation after *that*, and everyone was beginning to say: "No one in the Soviet Union believes in Communism anymore. It is a bankrupt ideology," and so on. The sole remaining locus of Communism's influence seemed to be the United Nations. And there, significantly enough, the undermining of Zionism (in reality, the destruction of Israel) was high on its agenda. It may be, then, that Zionism, accused of racism, is seen as a threat at the UN for the more relevant reason that it is eating away at Communism and gradually destroying it. Zionism has diverted to Israel the crucial Jewish energy and faith that was needed to sustain the ideology underlying the Soviet state. This in turn is rapidly reducing that

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country to a decaying husk of tyranny.

How strange that so many of the founders of the modern state of Israel were themselves socialists, many of them from Russia. They, like Lenin, wanted to build a new society, a socialist society—with the important proviso that it also be Jewish. How strange that Arab rulers such as King Ibn Saud feared that the new state of Israel would introduce Bolshevism into the region. Some State Department officials feared the same thing. American liberals, many of them Jewish, have until recently likewise fancied that Israel would establish at last that decent, true, legitimate socialism that intellectuals had dreamed of for so long. This was summarized recently by Ronald Steel as "the Zionist dream of everyone tilling the fields together, eating in communal kitchens, sharing the wealth, and playing together in string orchestras at night." How similar this is to the vision of the Soviet Union entertained by the Communist shop steward in the British film *I'm All Right, Jack*: "All of them cornfields, and ballet in the evening."

How strange, in retrospect, that the Soviet foreign minister, Andrei Gromyko, Stalin's aide at Yalta, should have played midwife at the UN birth of Israel, the Communist bloc voting for the Partition of Palestine, and so providing the necessary two-thirds majority without a vote to spare. And then, when the surrounding Arab countries attacked the newborn state in 1948, Gromyko again came to the rescue, maneuvering for truces while the Soviet Union funneled arms to Israel via Czechoslovakia. Some Israeli pilots were even trained by the Soviets, and 20 years later they would destroy the Soviet-provided Egyptian air force.

Gromyko's mistake was to subordinate ideology to pragmatism. The Soviet rulers understood that Zionism was potentially dangerous to their cause, as any rival system of belief or ideas must be dangerous—especially to something as nihilistic as egalitarian Communism. But they were prepared to support Israel as a way of helping to disrupt the supposedly powerful "colonialism" of Britain in the Middle East. In fact, of course, this was a house of cards on the verge of collapse anyway.

Although its advocates would in many cases share such similar dreams, Communism and Zion would move further and further apart. The Soviet (and Jewish) writer Ilya Ehrenburg saw the danger as early as September 1948. In *Pravda* he wrote that the solution to the Jewish question "did not ultimately depend on Palestine and military victories, but on the triumph everywhere in the world of socialism over capitalism. The citizen of a socialist society . . . looks upon the people of any bourgeois country, including the people of the state of Israel, as upon wayfarers who have not made their way out of a dark forest . . . Soviet Jews are rebuilding their socialist motherland together with all the Soviet people. They are not looking toward the Near East; they are looking to the future."

Not so. The existence of Israel, and all that it promised, vitiated the promise of Communism for the Soviet Jew. Russian Jews in large numbers took their government's support of the Jewish state "as a license to express their emotions, and as a glimmer of hope that they might be permitted to leave for the Promised Land," Nadav Safran writes in *Israel: The Embattled Ally*. Some of them were permitted to leave. For the remainder, we may be sure, Communism became an empty husk.

If this analysis is correct, then, it follows that the destruction of the Israeli state is an urgent priority for the Soviet Union and for satellite Communists everywhere. It is no doubt already too late and too risky for the Soviets to try this directly. But a look at the PLO's weapons, and the countries from which its recruits come, shows that the Soviets have not given up on the idea of achieving this destruction through surrogates.

The PLO, in short, is not a group of people with "legitimate aspirations," looking for somewhere to live. It is a group of people who wish to destroy Israel, as in fact the organization quite frankly admitted at the Fatah Revolutionary Congress in Damascus in 1980. Their goal, they said, was "the extermination of the Zionist entity, economically, politically, militarily, culturally and ideologically." They won't succeed, but if perchance they did, Communism and the Soviet Union would be the winners, and history would have no meaning. □

EDITORIAL

G.O.P. SAPS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Kitty Hawk, North Carolina—The water here is luminously clear. It is also calm. And to those of us who would deny life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to the fish along North Carolina's outer banks this is bad news. At the famed Kitty Hawk Pier, the assembled sages have been in prolonged confabulation for months, speculating on how they might activate the fishing. Perhaps they should call in Senator Robert Dole, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. He would doubtless advise that they levy a thumping tax on fishermen. The more productive the fisherman, the heavier Senator Dole would tax him: Surely that would activate the fishing.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

Does Senator Dole's reasoning sound implausible? Well, it convinced many of the assistant presidents around Ronald Reagan. They have moved in a matter of months from being champions of the largest tax cut in American history to being champions of the largest peacetime tax increase in history. I should like to see these bright fellows in action on the Kitty Hawk Pier. One day they would be casting mightily. The next day they would be in with the fish. They have no constancy because they have no ideas.

The only man in the White House who has ideas, ideas about the purpose and worth of government, is Ronald Reagan, and apparently he who once counseled with men like Milton Friedman and William F. Buckley, Jr. is now allowing himself to be governed by the successors to Haldeman & Ehrlichman, Powell & Jordan. Such *philosophes* of course have no conception of what affairs of state might be. They are the political tacticians, the bright boys who convince politicians that they know how to keep their man in office. Alas, the record of this species of Machiavel over the past three presidential administrations has not been awe-inspiring.

Today Ronald Reagan is under the professional care of Baker & Darman who believe that they can remain in power even longer than Haldeman & Ehrlichman or Powell & Jordan. Senator Dole has convinced them that interest rates will drop if the federal deficit is narrowed by higher taxes. There is no economic evidence to support this conclusion. In fact, President Carter followed this policy during the last futile presidential administration. He raised taxes some $300 billion. When he left office interest rates had jumped and so had the deficit. Our recent deficits have come from economic decline, and one major cause of that decline is the burdensome taxation weighing down upon productive Americans to pay for Tip O'Neill's Good Fairy Politique.

In a word, Americans are overtaxed. This message, however, does not get to Washington where high taxes always mean flush times for bureaucrats and pols alike. Washington is the land of spenders and taxers. It is not a land of producers. Few of our noble political leaders have ever produced anything, aside from hot air and paperwork. What do they know about the fabled bottom line? Their economic knowledge at

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best consists of hunches, and the hunches are usually wrong. Some weeks ago they insisted that a budget resolution was a matter of utmost urgency if Wall Street was to lower interest rates. The resolution passed on a Thursday. On Monday Citibank raised its prime interest rate. The stock market swooned. The pols plodded on.

Republican congressional leaders aided and abetted by the White House Machiavels induced House Republicans to vote for that budget resolution by telling them it was the only way to pry spending cuts from their opponents in the Party of the Good Fairy. Now many weeks later the spending cuts amount to less than one-third of the cuts promised, and the tax increase to be slammed down on us during these recessionary times grows daily. Still the pols plod on. Once again the saps of the GOP are becoming willing tax collectors for Democratic spending programs, and even out of power the Democrats are successfully managing to spend still more.

Last December a very shrewd Republican declared that "the only proper way to balance the budget is through control of government spending and increasing prosperity and productivity for all." That is shrewd politics and also sound economics. The speaker was Ronald Reagan.

What has happened to the Ronald Reagan who told us on April 1 that "you don't raise taxes in a recession"? What has happened to the Ronald Reagan who last December insisted that such taxation amounted to "robbing the people"? Apparently he has handed himself over to Baker & Darman. They now guard the palace with the same steely vigilance that characterized the stupendous performances of their predecessors Powell & Jordan, Haldeman & Ehrlichman. They control what the President reads and whom he sees. They have apparently overwhelmed him and muzzled all his embarrassing talk about lower taxes and lower spending. They have won the battle for the President's ear.

This fall they will watch proudly as the Republicans march off to battle beneath the banner "We Raised Your Taxes." I should like to have been in the Oval Office to hear how they sold this particular piece of idiocy to Ronald Reagan, whose earlier tax cuts represented Washington's only serious attempt to control government spending, to revive American prosperity, and to make Republicans the majority party. □

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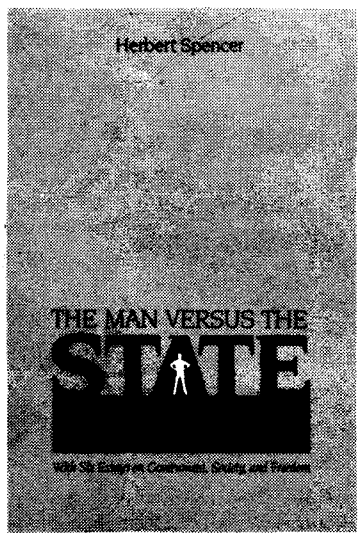

The Man Versus the State
With Six Essays on Government, Society, and Freedom

By Herbert Spencer
Foreword by Eric Mack
Introduction by Albert Jay Nock

This volume contains the four essays which Spencer published as *The Man Versus the State* in 1884. It also includes five essays which later publishers have at various times added to the original four. In addition, it provides "The Proper Sphere of Government," an early essay by Spencer which has long been overlooked.

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ADVICE TO MY FRIENDS

Right now the politicos of the Republic, Democrats and Republicans alike, are applying their makeup and preparing for the fall elections. The Republicans are feeling somewhat queasy. The Democrats see roses through the gloom.

I am glad for them. In recent years they have been in an unanticipated state of bewildered indignation. Ever since their discovery of that alchemizing maxim—tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect—they have expected to maintain usufruct of the government unto eternity or until the U.S. Treasury files under Chapter Eleven, whichever comes first. But by the end of the 1970s the free-spending Democrat was being discarded like an old toothbrush.

"The election of 1980 marked the rejection of a whole system of ideas that dominated American life ever since early 1960," Theodore H. White recently asserted. "The basis of all those ideas was high promises

(*continued on page 39*)

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• July 1982, and the days passed in their usual, sticky fashion, depressing the vacationless and turning them deaf to the whining of air conditioners, lawn mowers, and ice cream trucks. The United States of America turned 206 on July 4, the holiday falling on the Sunday of a three-day weekend and causing befuddlement among the citizenry when it turned out that no one knew which day the parades and fireworks would begin. As it was, in many neighborhoods little boys (and, one supposes, little girls) continued to set off firecrackers weeks past the July 5th deadline, much to the pleasure of all National Rifle Association stalwarts. In San Francisco, police reported that only 15 pistols were turned in after a law banning their possession took effect on July 28. "Something must be done but this law isn't the answer," said Jim Shafer, manager of the oxymoronic Liberal Gun Shop. Sentiment against the law was triggered by Roy Rogers, who from his Mojave Desert fortress told reporters, "They'll have to shoot me first to take my gun."

• But the real news from San Francisco was made by those who shoot from the hip in a more carefree manner. The city celebrated its 13th annual Lesbian-Gay Freedom Day parade, headed by the snarling "Dykes on Bikes" who were followed by the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps: "Wearing leather vests, short leather pants and black high button work shoes, the men tossed batons in unison as they pranced down Market Street," reports combat-zone correspondent Gary E. Swan. Making his first appearance at the parade was Representative Phil Burton (D.-Calif.), who, weighing his adjectives carefully, remarked: "It's a great parade, an enormously happy crowd," and a nostalgic one, he might have added—some of the longest and loudest applause from the 300,000 spectators went to "Parents of Gays," participating as a parade unit. Later in the month, a reputable Midwestern university press announced the publication of a potentially seminal work, *Gay and Gray: The Older Homosexual Man,* by Raymond M. Berger, self-professed winner of "Humanitarian of the Year for my work with older gays." The treatise is based on an exhaustive sampling of ten subjects, alas none of them congressmen.

• In other news from the publishing world, Marvel Comics, Inc. is coming out with a comic-book biography of Pope John Paul II sometime in August. "It may be the most accurate biography of the Pope published in America," said one writer connected with the project. As befits its genre, the work shies away from issues on which the Pope has taken controversial positions: "We don't deal with whether he's a liberal or a conservative," Marvel President James Galton explains. "I don't know how you do that in a comic book." Finally, former *American Spectator* managing editor Erich Eichman has resigned his position at *Harper's* to become managing editor of a new monthly magazine of ideas and the arts. The magazine, called the *New Criterion,* will appear for the first time later this summer. A survey of July's artistic offerings suggests that there will be a plenitude of masterpieces for the *New Criterion* to marvel upon. For starters, Christo, that boffo Bulgarian *artiste* who was last seen putting up a wall of white cloth over 24 miles of rolling Sonoma County hills in northern California, has moved his act to Florida's Dade County where commissioners have given the go-ahead to his plans to wrap ten Biscayne Bay islands off Miami in five million square feet of Frangipani-pink fabric. And did Managing Editor Eichman catch musicologist Bonnie Barnett's recent rendition of her *Tunnel Hum II in A-Flat,* a pulsating work performed best in pedestrian underpasses?

• In Detroit, the son of Jimmy Hoffa has petitioned the Oakland County Probate Court to declare his father legally dead. The senior Mr. Hoffa has not been seen for seven years. According to a federally protected witness testifying before the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, Hoffa was bagged on orders of several East Coast mobsters who had him "ground up in little pieces, shipped to Florida, and thrown into the swamp." The subcommittee might be wise to look into an unusual occurrence in Fabriano, Italy where allegedly "a long thicket of billions of caterpillars" recently halted a freight train. "I felt we hit something mushy and suddenly the wheels started spinning," the engineer later said. For Americans in better health, July proved a grand time for breaking with the daily routine. In Sunrise, Washington, a one-legged businessman Don Bennett, 52, "hopped" his way to the top of Mt. Rainier to become the first amputee to conquer the mountain without using an artificial leg. Moving south, to Texas, Donnie Rogers, a husky paraplegic, led two of his colleagues in a wheelchair climb up the 8,751-foot Guadalupe Peak at the Guadalupe Mountains National Park. The group began its trek with five members; two dropped out for medical reasons while the rest persevered that they might become still healthier. And in Weatherfield, Vermont, Princeton University Professor Richard Ullman, a member of the National Security Council during the Johnson Administration and a former editorial writer for the *New York Times,* landed his rented glider atop a 72,000-volt power line. "If the wire had gone across the other wing, that guy would have been a french fry," concluded Springfield Fire Department Captain Barry Stevens.

• In Church news, two members of a religious sect known as the Foundation of Ubiquity who hijacked a Trailways bus near Jasper, Arkansas and held its passengers hostage "wanted to be shot" and urged police to kill them so they could rise from the dead in three-and-a-half days, eyewitnesses reported. Yet Arkansas State Police sharpshooters could only wound the couple, who thereupon turned their guns on each other. The couple's parents delayed burial beyond the resurrection deadline to give their children "the benefit of the doubt," but the kids just lay there, looking at the ceiling. Meanwhile, five Chinese hijackers on a domestic flight from Xian to Shanghai were given little time for religious expression when vigilante crew members and passengers aboard the Soviet-built Ilyushin 18 took up bottles, seat parts, and even a mop handle and bludgeoned the pirates into a state of Maoist bliss. "They were dragged off by their feet through the aisles. Some of the Chinese spat on them as they went by," reported Ronald D. Roth of Flemington, New Jersey, on board with a group of 19 American impartial observers.

• A huge grain bin in Whiting, Iowa burst and spilled 350,000 bushels of corn seven feet deep along a lonely stretch of highway, and President Reagan extended grain exports to the Soviet Union for another year. And the love affair between Miss Constance Beller and Mr. Saul Davis ended violently. The two were walking hand in hand through Central Park when Mr. Davis, forgetting to disengage his hand from that of Miss Beller, sneezed into her paw, thus precipitating a nasty scene. At the White House the purge of Carter holdovers resumed with the firing of hairstylists Yves and Nancy Graux, and George Shultz was sworn in as our new secretary of state. In a nice touch, departing secretary Alexander Haig was named one of the "Ten Best-Dressed Men in 1982," joining Ozzie Smith, Luciano Pavarotti, and Joe Montana. In closing, I might impress upon readers of this column that its heading is gaining world-wide circulation. Writing in the *New York Times,* Serge Schmemann notes that economic figures for Poland for the first half of 1982 point to evidence of "the continuing crisis" wracking that country. The slimy Jaruzelski, meanwhile, ever mindful of semantic nuances, chose the term "continued crisis" in discussing that economy. For lack of anything better to add, I shall only say: to be continued! —*WP*

(R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., who is on vacation, will be back in our November issue.)

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ISRAEL, LEBANON, AND THE UNITED STATES

Mistaking David for Goliath.

The Israel Defense Force's invasion of Lebanon in June and its siege of Beirut, which continues as these words are written, were an extraordinary military and political achievement. With dazzling skill and courage, the Israeli air force defeated the Syrians, while on the ground the "Peace for Galilee" campaign settled the score with the PLO. Tremendous opportunities for peace in the Middle East and by implication for the promotion of Western interests were apparent even in June: With the most radical and bellicose Arab forces defeated and the Soviet Union, which had been backing them, either unwilling or unable to help them, there was reason to hope that, despite the sufferings brought on by the war, significant diplomatic advances would be possible after the fighting stopped.

Yet—with notable exceptions—the reaction in the United States was one of shock, fear, and disapproval. The focus, almost immediately, was on Israel: not to salute its victory, but to deplore its allegedly excessive use of force. In order to do this, Israel's operations in the South of Lebanon had to be misrepresented, as indeed they were, almost grotesquely.

Thus, on June 23, the *New York Times* ran an editorial the representative passages of which were as follows:

> If this was the battle to end the battling, let Israel prove it by the quality of the peace it offers. If American weapons were justly used to break the PLO—and to kill uncounted thousands of noncombatants in the process—let Americans take the lead in defining the purpose to which the victory is put. . . .
>
> To be sure, Mr. Begin covets "not one inch" of Lebanon. But driving the PLO rockets out of range of the Galilee did not require a bloody march to Beirut and all that bombing of strongholds in civilian centers. Israel fought—and now bargains—to destroy the PLO's military power and to intimidate Palestinians against collaborating with it.

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It should be noted by way of comparison that during that same week the cover story headline in one of West Germany's most popular weeklies, *Stern*, read: "Wissen die Israelis noch was sie tun?" Do the Israelis know what they are doing?

The prevailing notion was that the Israelis were on a rampage, and it was a notion that seemed to be accepted with very little difficulty. Initial reports were of the same cloth as the editorial reactions, and frightening numbers regarding civilian casualties were circulated, with some help from field officials of the International Committee of the Red Cross. When the ICRC reduced its estimates the media paid little attention; it was not until July 14 that the *Times* admitted in a front-page story that the numbers in June had been grossly inflated. The Israelis asserted that about 400 civilians were killed in the fighting in the South and pointed out that the wounded were being transported to Israeli hospitals when necessary, and that Israeli troops were being acclaimed as liberators. They also pointed out that there were only some 510,000 residents in the area where there were, supposedly, 600,000 homeless.

One measure of the Israelis' success in Lebanon was in fact the degree to which they were able to protect from harm the civilians, whom the terrorists used as shields. They went to considerable lengths to do this, and suffered greater casualties as a result. Nonetheless, comments in the form of short articles and advertisements came thick and fast—even from individuals whose support for Israel is beyond question—and they strongly suggested that the exaggerated reports on civilian deaths were being taken at face value. When these reports became less tenable, the cluster bomb issue was used in the same way: to focus the blame for the fighting on Israel and avoid the realities of the situation.

Some claimed Israel had no legitimate (that is to say, security) reasons for going into Lebanon. What, one might ask in reply, would the United States do if Maine were bombarded by a hostile organization in Quebec which the Canadian government could not, or would not, control? Others scolded the Israelis for spoiling the President's European trip. But what nation can ask its citizens to wait under a downpour of Katyusha rockets for other countries to finish their diplomatic ceremonies?

If the objections to the "Peace for Galilee" campaign were shallow, the tone in which they were made was often one of striking vehemence. In the *Times* a Columbia professor described the military operation as being "of such selfish savageness that we do not want to recognize its implications." A *Washington Post* columnist described Saad Haddad, one of the Christian leaders in Lebanon, as "Israel's bought and paid for puppet," while Bashir Gemayel, another Christian leader, was called "a thirty-three year old oppor-

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tunistic gunslinger." Bad enough in and of themselves, such characterizations, taken out of Lebanon's bitter context of civil war and anarchy, were meant to convey the notion that Israel runs a crime syndicate in Lebanon. A highly regarded foreign correspondent wrote in the *International Herald Tribune* that the Israelis were engaged in "a chain of murders" that would please Hitler, and a *Wall Street Journal* columnist, knowingly or not taking up this obscene theme, said that Prime Minister Begin had in mind a "final solution" for the Palestinians.

Now it is certain that the Israelis, who themselves have been debating quite energetically the merits and tactics of the campaign, may be forgiven if they sometimes seem to shrug their shoulders in frustration in response to questions put to them in the media capitals of the West. The immense stocks of ammunition which they found in South Lebanon could leave no doubts in their minds (if any were left) about what would happen if the PLO ever got inside a town in the Galilee. There would be no leaflets telling the people to get outside while the armed men fought it out; it would be everybody over there by the open pits and start the machine guns.

But what about us, here? While there have been, to be sure, comments and reports refuting some of the points of view I have cited, the dominant tone has been one of begrudging the Israelis their success, or else it has been openly hostile to them. And this hostility has cut across party lines, coming from conservatives as well as liberals (though, as a matter of fact, the Democrats, assembled in Philadelphia, were the ones who expressed support for Israel, while nothing was heard from the Republicans). It is true that Israel has been losing the esteem of intellectuals and opinion-makers for at least ten years (support among the general public remains strong), but never has there been such a concentrated barrage of ill-feeling, not to say antagonism.

There are, it is true, the personalities of Begin and Sharon: They are said to be abrasive and bad publicity for their nation. And their temperaments are supposed to be of a piece with Israel's post-1967 character, rough-riding, arrogant, and expansionist. Yet these are the men (among others) who gave back the entire Sinai! They may make it a little easier for American politicians determined to find fault with them, but the substance of Israeli defense policy would not change under a Labor government.

What has been far more upsetting to many American observers than the vagaries of personalities has been the robust willingness of Israel to use force to defend itself—its existence, to be exact. As the United States has lost confidence in its role in the world, and the role of its own power in particular, it has also become skeptical about the use of power by others. We have developed, as Dorothy Powers said of the British before World War II, "a determined refusal to believe in the possibility of evil." So we chastise allied states for behaving morally—what else is the defense of one's country?—and close our eyes to the continuing violence practiced by states over which we have little or no control.

Israel, particularly since 1967, has been a reminder of a reality that, in many respects, we have sought to avoid—namely, that the world is violent and that if the free nations do not meet violence forthrightly they will lose their freedoms and perhaps all else as well. Israel has had no alternative to defending itself actively, no choice but to carry the battle to its enemies. Our tremendous power, on the other hand, has allowed us to delude ourselves about our own defensive activities, and so we imagine they are not as necessary as they are. The national defense is discussed but, to put the matter simply, it is not a family matter the way it is in Israel. Perhaps we should consider ourselves fortunate that this is so, yet the fact remains that we tend to ignore realities which, however unpleasant, need to be faced honestly. □

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

THIRD WORLD DERANGEMENTS

Seven years after Daniel Patrick Moynihan parlayed a *Commentary* magazine foreign policy essay into a high diplomatic post, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. renders his scholarly findings on the origins of Third World statecraft and awaits the call from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

In those magistral realms where the legendary transformation of the Third World is excogitated and monitored, is Dr. Gunnar Myrdal often thought of as one honey of a cheerleader? I think not. Sociologist, anthropologist, professor of economic development, and Swede, Dr. Myrdal is an esteemed visionary, an early adept of Uniworld, a patron and mentor to that amazing repository of virtue—the Third World.

Yet ponder this: Sometime around the year 1960 A.D., someone slipped Dr. Myrdal a manuscript, *Blossoms in the Dust*. It is the chronicle of Kasum Nair's year-long trek through the podunks of the great Indian subcontinent, undertaken at a time a) when hope swelled for turning primitive environs into societies on the Western order and b) just before the Western order took on many of the customs of those primitive environs. Nair interviewed Indians from all walks of life, that she might "assess the impact of development upon the individuals and communities involved." The author is an honest woman; hers is thus an appalling narrative, peopled by a congeries of dim souls not one of whom really shared Dr. Myrdal's faith in Uniworld. Some were no more capable of envisaging it than they were capable of mastering ancient Greek or performing the rumba. Others opposed it violently. India, as *Blossoms in the Dust* made clear, would never become a land of instant Swedes. So tight was the hold of India's holy men, castes, and ignoramuses, that the place might not even rise to the level of a West Virginia until the turn of the century. Nonetheless, when the time came for Dr. Myrdal to compose the book's foreword, the cheerleader in him leapt to life:

> As the Prime Minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru, never ceases to stress, the problem facing the country. . . is how to bring about a social and economic revolution by peaceful means. India . . . moulding all her public life . . . national down to . . . local level. . . . framework of democracy. . . universal suffrage. The hope . . . reform . . . total remaking of social and economic relations . . . carried out by the people themselves . . . a minimum of direction . . . without resort to compulsion. . . . reforms need

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to be planned. . . . the planning should be democratic. . . . the welfare of the masses . . . its supreme goal. . . . done by the people . . . expresses their desires, ambitions and needs. . . . compulsion is excluded. . . . Indian democratic planning . . . initiating a social process. . . . the masses . . . become increasingly motivated . . . improving their lot as individuals. . . . improving society by co-operative endeavor.

Blah, blah, blah. The very book put the lie to the blah. Twenty more years of experience stamped the lie on the blah. Pained reports from the scholars of economic development emblazoned the lie. But the blah endured. It gained adherents. Year after year the Uniworld blah was to grow more meretricious, prehensile, and brutal; but the world never outgrows its need for lies.

Surrounding the legend of the Third World, there has always been a lot of whoop-whoop, and if I cite the Swede Myrdal it is only because his preachments were spermatic, and, I suppose, because his bubbly prelude to *Blossoms in the Dust* superbly illustrates how oblivious the early adepts of Uniworld were to reality. If the truth be known, it was not dreamers from the old world but Americans who in the main confected the Third World. Untrammeled by colonial holdings and heady with the fumes of idiot idealism, Americans at the end of World War II could always be counted on to throw their enormous weight behind the notion that there were developed and undeveloped worlds. The developed world included North America, Western Europe, Japan, and South Africa. Practically every other land was heaved into the Third World, though the USSR and its principalities were given a somewhat hazy classification—sometimes they were of the Third, sometimes not.

Thus something like two-thirds of the human race could be counted on by the profs of economic development to be staunchly "undeveloped." The job was to turn them into Volvo-driving, concert-going Swedes, i.e., Americans with taste.

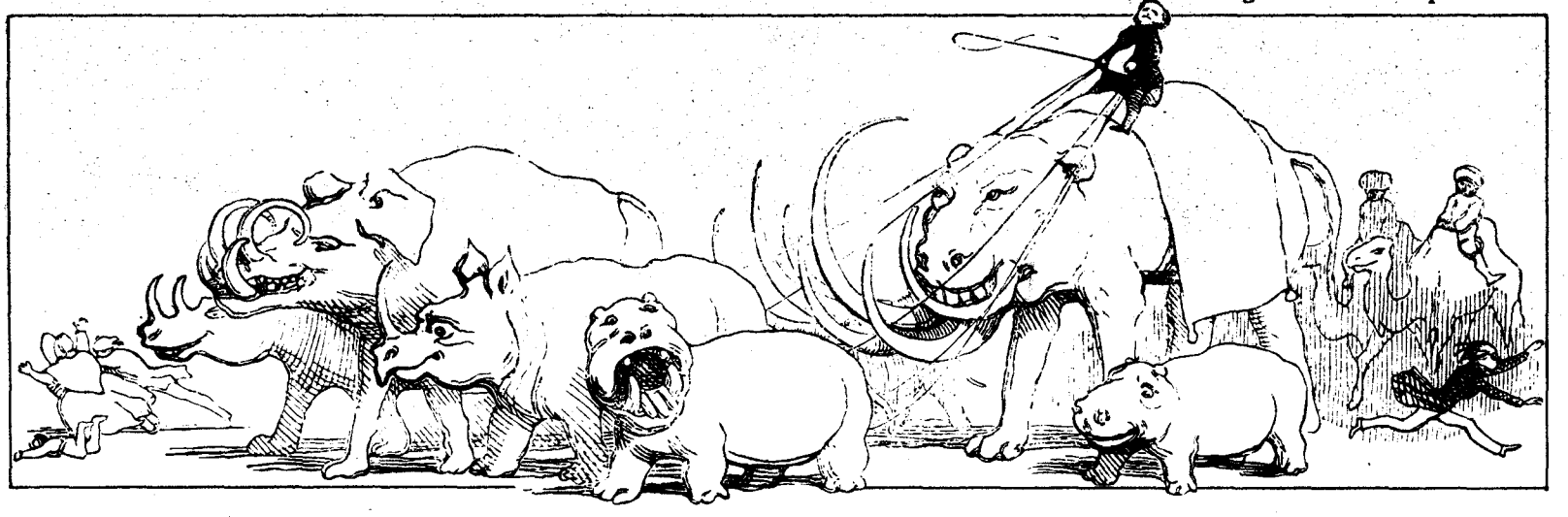
The conception was nonsensical. It was a colossal delusion, mixing condescension in a stew of timorousness and boredom with our own culture. The adepts of Uniworld had lost their relish for the culture of the West, but they were contemptuous of the traditional values to be found with the primitives. They had no real vision of a better world and would have better served mankind had they remained at home, emptying bourbon bottles and reading the Marxist mumbo jumbo to the cat. But their wanton energies and voluminous egos would not leave them alone. They evangelized Uniworld and its balmy vision of a world culture. Where their ancestors had once sent missionaries abundant with Christian zeal they now sent social workers intent on getting the hell back to nature. Withal, the agents of Christian endeavor were driven by a bright vision of mission and truth. The adepts of Uniworld could never decide the specifics of their truths. They had no idea whether they were bringing the word to the heathens or the heathens were there to edify them.

Was life in the Zambian bush superior to life in Scarsdale? The prudent adept of Uniworld would never say. He seemed to thump for material improvement without materialists, America without Americans; and his Third World colleagues were in bemused accord. The ambivalence of the great endeavor was there from the start and grew more apparent. Epithets changed. The undeveloped world became the under-developed world, then the developing world, then the lesser developed world, and so on. No one really knew what to call it or what to do with it, probably because it has never really existed. All that really has existed have been the proponents of the blah, but as the blah spread the ill-assorted peoples of the non-Western world were agglutinated into the "Third World," held together by but two common bonds: The Confusion and The Resentment. The rewards were bundles of gold Rolex watches and foreign aid plus ample supplies of military hardware. Thus they could bravely butcher each other. This they did with relish and their terrorists became a threat to the peace of all mankind. If they ever laid hands on nuclear weapons, they might even become a threat to the planet. But all this depended on The Confusion and The Resentment.

The Resentment was of course resentment for the erstwhile colonial powers that had wiped out cholera and cannibalism; that had introduced pants and shoes; that, in fine, had brought modernity to peoples who apparently wanted to wait and see what their own indigenous Bronze Ages might be like. Would Papua ever develop an Athens or a Rome? What might the Zambian Aristotle say, and when would an Aeschylus pop up in Burundi? All these cultural splendors had been obviated when the colonial powers barged in with their quacks and their pettifoggers. One colonial power in particular became the focal point of The Resentment, to wit: the United States, oppressor of Puerto Rico and matrix of foreign aid, technical assistance, health services, Peace Corps, and uppity women. The Soviet Union never made this mistake. It sent out tanks or East European secret police or Cuban mercenaries, and hesto presto no resentment. But from the United States there came foreign aid, and The Resentment enlarged, receiving its most eloquent articulation at the United Nations where the Third World governments expressed their pain and frustration by abominating Israel and amassing parking violations. Here at the infant seat of world government, the diplomats of the Third World became the most effective and idealistic scofflaws ever heard of.

In 1980, Cuba amassed 5,888 unpaid parking violations, with one diplomatically immune Cuban personally accounting for 651. Not even Nigeria (4,016) surpassed the Cubans, though based on the number of cars in their missions Angola was probably the preeminent delegation of scofflaws with 227 tickets per car, followed by the illustrious Cubans with 190, and Senegal with 163.

As for The Confusion, it is something altogether more subtle and singular. V.S. Naipaul and his brother Shiva have become its most authoritative chroniclers, and from a careful reading of their works the student of Third World anthropology sees that The Confusion is that uneasiness that hits every yahoo in jerkwater once word of America spreads to his dusty burg. Let him hear of the folkways and mores observed in Hollywood, California and the grim sonorities of the Prophet will never curl his hair quite so tightly again. Once a Coca Cola vending machine or the golden arches of McDonald's have been raised above the bush, neither grubs nor caterpillars will



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taste so savory; immerse them in the choicest grease—it will do no good. After the wireless has been installed and the TVs are in place, news from godless and gorgeous America will wobble every swarthy mullah, every fuliginous patriot, and all the caudillos of Patagonia. Whether a village eminence has a wife as strong as a water buffalo or a dozen nubile daughters to sell, there will still be days when he secretly sighs beneath the burning sun and dreams of discoing like mad in nocturnal Manhattan.

Yes, it is true. Throughout the Third World almost everyone takes pride in his ancient ghosts and goblins. All extol the timeless rhythms of their antique cultures. The corruptions of the foul West are known to every informed rickshaw puller, every bazaar entrepreneur. Yet word of Uncle Sam's Gomorrah remains diverting. People on every rung of the Third World ladder want to know more, and this creates problems. Fundamentally, the source of The Resentment is that question presciently raised by Sam Lewis and Joe Young in the title of their 1919 anthem, "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm After They've Seen Paree?"

The Confusion can be observed right here in America where it addles the brains of all the mediocre graduate students sent by Third World governments to make off with the American magic. Watching them brood pays a double dividend, instructing us deeply in The Confusion and also giving us a familiarity with many of the future eminentoes of these far-off lands. For once these dolts have spent a quarter of a century or so gaining their M.A.'s in telecommunications and other such pud courses, once they have tired of clipping magazine lingerie ads for their salacious scrapbooks, of plying blonde coeds with coffee in student unions and learning how to masticate chewing gum without swallowing it, all will return home to take up lofty positions in the local establishment or to be beaten to death in Utopia's dungeons. Forty-year-old graduate students from American universities were suddenly the most powerful Metternichs in post-Pahlavi Iran. Then they were on the run. In the Third World, too, there is the proverbial rat race—sometimes dominated by real rats.

I do not want to be misperceived. Certainly not all Third Worlders are mediocrities. Some obviously are men of sound character and high intelligence, but all the second-raters suffer from The Confusion whether they study at Harvard or Slippery Rock. Apparently the allure of America's trashy pop culture is too much for them. They immure themselves in their dormitory rooms. They meditate solitarily on TV's pish-posh and radio's simian sound. They visit Disneyland and Miami Beach. They suffer all the brummagem sentiments emanating therefrom, and return to jerkwater confirmed in the belief that they have tasted the culture of Einstein and Beethoven, and that they understand. Add to these seminal experiences their attendance at a few afternoon classes where their siestas are disturbed by the occasional rough shouts of an anti-American prof and their minds will forever be abuzz with The Confusion and The Resentment.

The laugh is that our State Department still dreams of participating in the dance of statecraft with these goons. It has yet to occur to the diplomats that Third Worldism seems "to hint at a kind of universal mental retardation." The words are not from the 1960s encomiums of Dr. Myrdal but from Shiva Naipaul, reviewing the Third World politics of the Cooperative Socialist Republic of Guyana twenty years later. □

H.J. Kaplan

KISSINGER II: HENRY KISSINGER AND *YEARS OF UPHEAVAL*

Only the fanatics will deny it: Kissinger's account of diplomatic life during Watergate is a masterwork.

Early this summer when the battle for Stanley was drawing to a close and the Israelis were tightening their noose around Beirut and the Russians belatedly beginning to growl, I had visions of Henry Kissinger rocketing around the globe again, from Moscow to Peking to Cairo. *Years of Upheaval,** the second volume of his memoirs, reminds us that diplomacy in the old-fashioned sense can still play a significant role, even in an age of implacable ideologies. Conflict keeps creating new facts, but even after apparently decisive military action, these are variously perceived, ambiguous, impermanent. Everything depends on whether and how they can be put together, the kind of task that

our once and future Metternich, if his memoirs are to be believed, had a genius for solving.

I do believe them. One of Kissinger's critics, unconsciously mimicking the tone and style of his text, remarks that no statesman ever writes memoirs to denigrate his own role. This is a truism, with a sniff of Harvard about it, but the self-serving purpose is hardly achieved if the events are twisted, the reasoning specious, the style (*the man himself*, as Buffon observed) inauthentic. We now have two-thirds of the Gospel according to Henry, and while there is still no sign that anyone has organized a church it is obvious that the News he brings is from On High, the reasoning is compelling, and the style does honor to our culture.

This is the man who once, in an interview with an Italian journalist, described himself as a loner in terms that people thought rather ridiculous at the

*Little, Brown and Co., $24.95. The first volume, *White House Years*, was published in 1979.

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time, but the fact is that Kissinger was and remains *sui generis*. His memoirs read sometimes like a work of literature, bathed in an atmosphere of historical fiction, with occasional longueurs but carefully plotted and filled with suspense. Only, the world in question is the one we share, the world of current events. The hero is neither an artistic sensibility like Jean Christophe nor a "delicate child of life" like Hans Castorp nor even Lanny Budd. He is Henry Kissinger, a man from nowhere, who appears at a time of great national travail, almost by accident, without authority other than that conferred by his competence and wit, to wield enormous power and conduct our foreign affairs. Of course he had a brilliant staff and the paraphernalia of a superpower (armies, fleets, alliances) behind him; and a little help from his friends—Nixon, Ford, et al.—but the fact remains that he made history almost singlehandedly, in a manner entirely his own.

As I clear my throat and prepare to make solemn noises about this extraordinary performance, I find that the noises I had in mind have been largely preempted by Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, and Stanley Hoffmann, a distinguished professor at Harvard. These two gentlemen, who rarely agree on public issues, nonetheless agree that whatever one may think of Kissinger's record he has written an extraordinary book. Podhoretz has a problem with the word "great," being repelled (he tells us) by the fashionable inflation of language; and Hoffmann seems less moved than bemused by his erstwhile colleague's achievement, as if astounded that so ugly a duckling could have evolved into a swan. But their judgment is univocal and clear and appropriately touched with awe: A masterwork has entered the American canon. Podhoretz, with his customary brilliance and passion, "reconsiders" Kissinger in the June 1982 issue of *Commentary*; and Hoffmann goes and does likewise in the *New York Review of Books* for April 29, only occasionally showing the strain of his determination to give the devil his due.

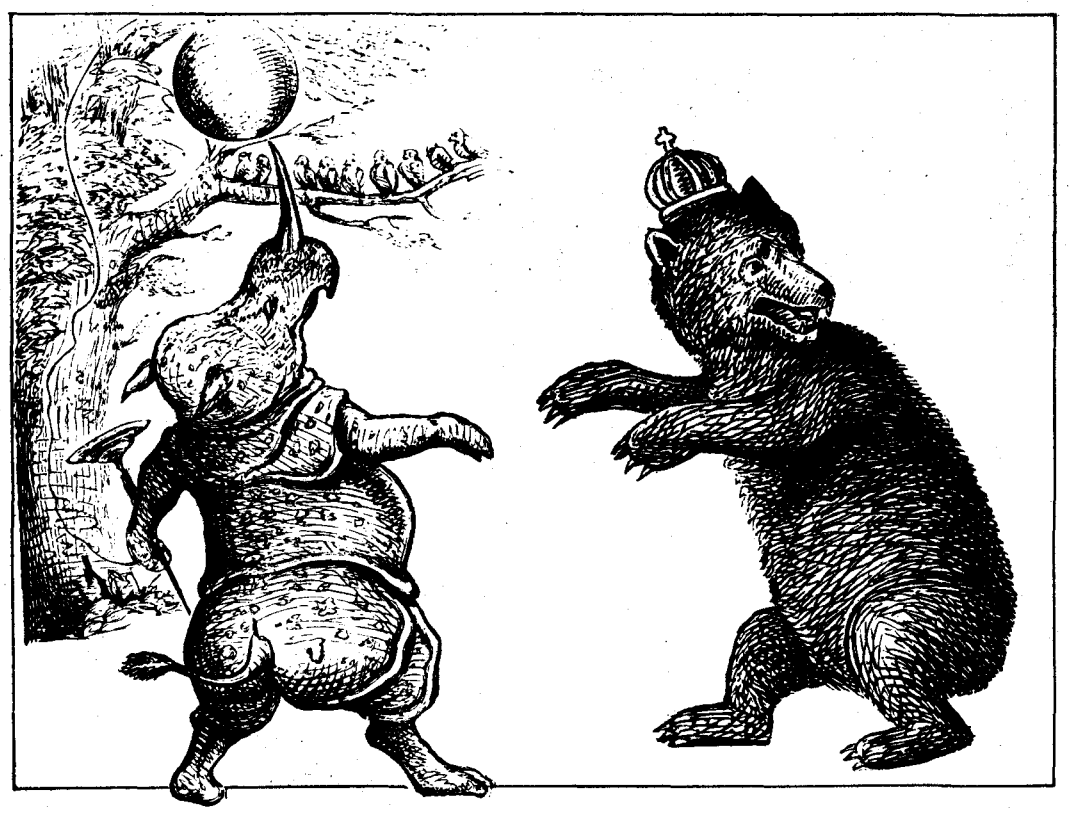
These are serious, thoughtful, and (each in its way) successful attempts to get "at" the second panel of Kissinger's huge triptych, 1,283 pages of narrative, documents, and reflection on his service as secretary of state during the truncated second administration of Richard Nixon. To be sure, they take issue (again, each in his way) with the author's views: on détente, on the Middle East, on Vietnam, on arms control. They not only doubt the solidity of the "structure of peace" which Kissinger presents as his grand design, but regretfully pronounce it a failure. But both point to the felicity of his portraits, the aptness of his language, his ingenuity as a negotiator—all of which, as pure *story*, informs, fascinates, and delights the reader. No author could wish for a more perceptive reaction to his work.

But what about the statesman? A friend of mine who is well acquainted with Kissinger insists that he is not primarily a writer; that he would rather be Bismarck than Goethe; and that if you reject his policy you do not console him by admiring his prose. This strikes me as improbable, but if one takes the trouble to be Kissinger why should one excellence exclude the other? What he might wish for, in any case, if he is as insatiable as one surmises from the boundless energy and the lust for power displayed in these pages—and what we all might wish for him and for our country—is not merely agreement and praise but a closer attention to what he is saying. There is little evidence, aside from the two instances I have mentioned, that the appearance of *Years of Upheaval* has changed the terms or raised the level of the ongoing foreign policy debate among us. Months have passed since publication (on March 25), and though the event was attended by the usual hoopla, I suspect that the book has been more widely touted and bought than read, and that its significance will take many more months, indeed years, to sink in.

In the current atmosphere, this should not surprise us. For one thing, the inside story of Watergate, to which Kissinger adds a bit of pathos, has lost its morbid fascination. For another, today's world is (like yesterday's) too much with us, the background noise is hardly conducive to reflection, and Kissinger's account of his experience raises so many complex issues that people tend to be overwhelmed by it. They "skim" the book or put it aside for a more propitious time, and meanwhile the events so carefully recorded and interpreted recede at a rate approaching the speed of light and Kissinger's monument takes its place—already!—with the memoirs of Churchill, Eisenhower, and De Gaulle in that undifferentiated limbo we call the Past.

Although many of Kissinger's personae have disappeared from the scene, if not from this life—Nixon, Mao, Chou, Sadat, Heath, Golda Meir, and a host of others—the issues raised in *Years of Upheaval* are very much with us. Kissinger is not the sort of memorialist who merely tells us what happened. He is telling us, directly or by implication, what he thinks we should do.

Volume II, which is no less inordinate in size and ambition than *White House Years*, begins on a note of triumph in August 1973, with the author sitting on the steps of the President's pool at the western White House ("The President of the United States floated on his back in the water") and hearing that he is about to be appointed to the highest post this country can offer a foreign-born citizen.† But in this volume the mood has changed. The exhilaration of the mover and shaker is still there, the frank appetite for power and the apparently self-mocking humor with which he doubles as poet and philosopher. Occasionally, as in volume I, he steps back from his story to declare a principle or sketch a portrait; one could make a little anthology of his aphorisms and bravura pieces. In this volume, however, Watergate is constantly looming, at first in the background and then front and center, so that everything is chastened and darkened by the gathering catastrophe that hangs over Nixon and ends by striking him down. The final scenes will send him back to California, presumably to float in that pool again, but this time as a political corpse.



†It should be recalled that upon being named secretary of state, Kissinger continued to serve as national security adviser until November 1975.

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It is worth noting that Kissinger has gone out of his way to create this symmetry. The events narrated in *Years of Upheaval* actually begin in January 1973, with Nixon's second inauguration, not in August of that year. We are deliberately led to juxtapose two images—the President floating on his back in the water and the President returning in defeat to the western White House, to float, as it were, face down. In the interim a few little things have happened: visits to Hanoi and Peking, the fall of Allende, meetings with Brezhnev, war in the Middle East, the famous shuttles, the energy crisis, rapprochement with Sadat, trouble with the Europeans—and our hero has been at the center of them all. Incredibly, Nixon seems to have clung to the idea that the ceaseless activity of his secretary of state would help to save him. The last pages, including that eerie evening with Nixon in the White House on the night before his resignation, have a Hamlet-like quality. The President is thinking about his place in history. He seems to be asking Horatio to absent himself from felicity and write his story. So, for one last moment, it is Nixon who has become the hero again. But now, as his helicopter disappears over the horizon, Fortinbras, alias Gerald Ford, observed by the same implacably indispensable eye, "strides firmly toward the White House, his arm around his wife's shoulder." *In his beginning is my end.* "Engulfed in anguish" but "feeling an immense relief," Kissinger—who has also acquired a wife in volume II—prepares to stride firmly into volume III. "Somehow we had preserved a vital foreign policy in the debacle," our author says, and he prays that "fate would be kind to this good man [i.e., Ford] and that his heart would be stout and that America under his leadership would find again its faith."

All irony aside, this is artfully done, composed and written with a sensibility and skill that set it apart from even the more distinguished memoirs of our time and make us reach far back for parallels—

to Theophrastus, for example, or La Bruyère, although Kissinger's portraits are not of "types" but of flesh-and-blood leaders. Or to Saint-Simon, for the narrative verve and color, except that Kissinger was no envious onlooker, curdled with scorn and spite, writing his memoirs because he had been denied the employment he deserved. There is a quality in Kissinger's writing that betrays the outsider, nonetheless, the refugee from Fürth, Germany, who can never forget that he is an intellectual, a scholar, not really a typical American man of action, as if the whole situation were some cosmic joke. But the fact remains that the "vital foreign policy" preserved in the Nixon debacle was his own, and we approach volume III in the expectation that he will be allowed to carry it forward, despite the congressional watchdogs who have tasted blood and will now be baying in pursuit.

What, then, was this "vital foreign policy," and why do Podhoretz and Hoffmann pronounce it a failure? The word seems a bit flat. *Failure?* For the reader who emerges blinking from this prodigiously detailed account of a performance without precedent in diplomatic history, the judgment has a summary—almost comical—ring to it. To paraphrase the master himself: What, in the name of God, is strategic failure? The opening to China, long a gleam in the eye of American Presidents (and an idea that had even occurred, believe it or not, to John Foster Dulles) was finally accomplished, while preserving the freedom and integrity of Taiwan. The Yom Kippur war was concluded without damage to the essential interests of Israel, while preparing the ground for Camp David and helping Sadat free his country from dependence on the Soviets. The war in Vietnam was terminated at last and if the aftermath was cruel (as indeed it was and is) it is at least arguable that Congress, by refusing to allow the President to enforce the terms of the agreement negotiated between Kissinger and Le Duc Tho, was responsible for turning the possibility of an honorable exit into a disgraceful rout.

Meanwhile, relations with the Russians, now solemnly baptized (and ballyhooed for internal political reasons) as détente, proceeded in their normal adversarial fashion, only occasionally lightened by Kissinger's sardonic chumminess with Anatol and Andrei and Leonid. Each side won a few and lost a few; no great breakthrough, no "structure of peace" was achieved by agreement; none could be, by any imaginable policy under the circumstances; and nothing notable was lost except—and here is the crux of my difference with Podhoretz and Hoffmann—that which in the nature of things could not be saved. Because the Soviets were willing and able to increase their military spending by some 40 percent throughout the decade, and we were not; because the Europeans and the Japanese were excessively inclined toward accommodation; because OPEC had bared its teeth and the Iranian debacle was approaching—it is also arguable that the world was a more dangerous place for our country when Kissinger left office than when he was sworn in, and that the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy can and should be faulted on a number of counts, e.g., the neglect or mishandling of international economic arrangements, our European relations, Iran. But does it really follow from this proposition that Kissinger, as his Harvard colleague ends by suggesting, was a "dogmatist" who fell prey to "dubious self-vindication" and to "a kind of cosmic pomposity"; that he was mistaken in fancying himself a "strategist and conceptual thinker"; that he was guilty of displaying "far greater compassion for the petty mischief-makers of Watergate than for the victims of Pinochet"; and finally that "it would be a service to posterity—one that would not have to be paid by anyone's blood or tears"—if he took up another line of work?

Hoffmann's perfidious advice to Kissinger—to become a writer of biographies and so to "indulge his taste for great men"—puts me in mind of a dimly remembered passage in Saint-Simon that recounts the long and laborious journey of a provincial nobleman to Versailles, where he hoped to dazzle the court with his brilliance and play a great role. He scales mountains, fords rivers, endures interminable roads and horrid discomforts, then prepares himself with elaborate care for his presentation at court—to which Saint-Simon (who has described all this in detail and with delectation) devotes exactly two words: *Il déplut.* A marvelous bit, written long after the event about someone who (if memory serves) makes no further claim on our remembrance. But there is something preposterous about applying a similar treatment to the events related in Kissinger's memoirs, as if so many and

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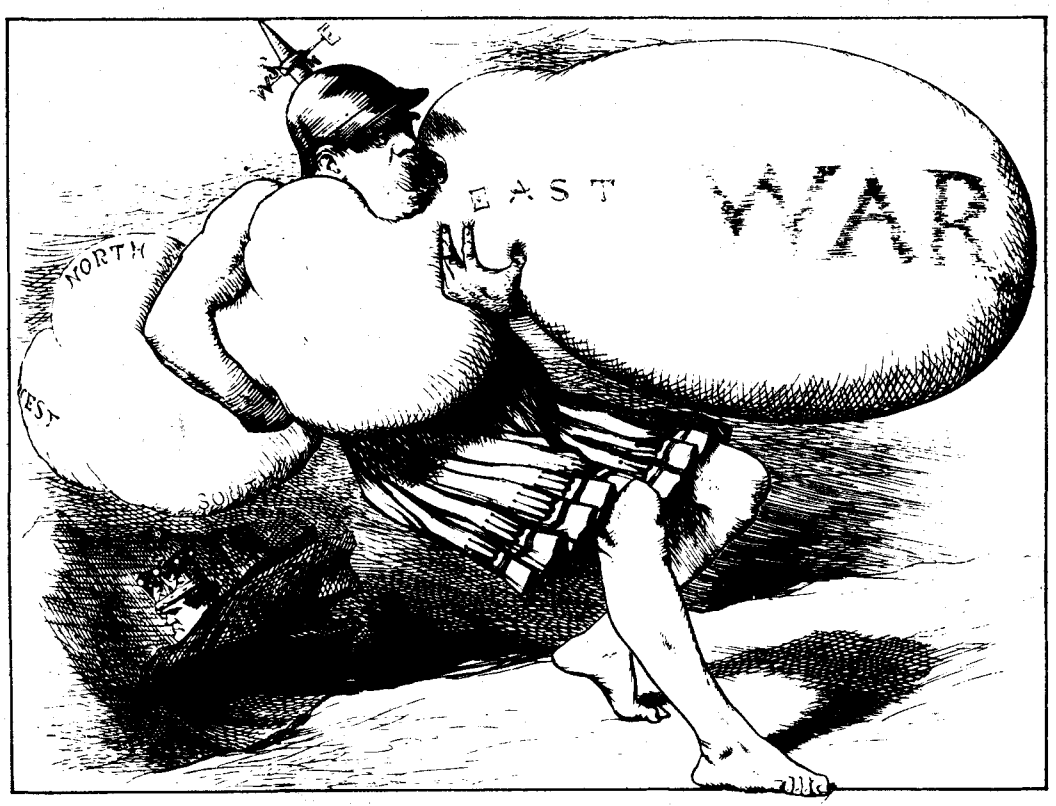
many-sided actions, so diversely inspired, undertaken under such ambiguous circumstances, could all be summed up in one cruel thrust: *He flopped.*

Let me hasten to repeat (on pain of being guilty of doing unto Kissinger's critics what they would do unto him) that both Hoffmann and Podhoretz render full and fair homage to the literary qualities of this book: the psychological penetration of the portraits, the brief essays on national problems, the obiter dicta on tactics and the sustained vivacity of the style; and both are generous in their praise of the negotiator who put the pieces together with Sadat, Assad, Brezhnev, and the Israelis after the October War, and worked out the Shanghai communiqué with Mao and Chou Enlai. But none of these operational achievements can alter the judgment of these two intellectuals that the ideas which Kissinger brought to the conduct of foreign policy were mistaken; that his performance was *conceptually* flawed.

Hoffmann cites with apparent approval Kissinger's "spirited defense of détente" (mainly against criticism from the Right) but ends by complaining that a strategy of confrontation *and* negotiation was too complex for the American public to follow, and that such an interpretation and practice of détente "was bound to force the Russians to ask themselves whether there was enough in it to make it worth their while." Besides, by excluding the Russians from the Middle East, Kissinger "contributed to the decline of détente," and this helps to explain why the Russians "tried a few years later to turn the tables on their rivals in Africa and on the periphery of the Middle East." This sounds like *Le Monde*, and the ineffable balancing act of French neutralism: If the Soviets engage in imperialist adventures in Angola and Afghanistan, American policy is not precisely to blame but not without responsibility either. Negatives proliferate in this view of the world, and so do dichotomies: Kissinger is too confrontational *and* too devious to conceive of a genuine accommodation.

If this gets us into a bit of a muddle, it preserves our options and is intellectually painless. Hoffmann also reproaches Kissinger for failing to understand "the extent to which a state's external performance and strength depend on domestic cohesion and consensus." This, not Watergate, is why Kissinger overestimated his ability to manage an orderly retreat from Vietnam—a not implausible hypothesis, to revert to the style of *Le Monde* again, although Kissinger's frequent references to Watergate would suggest that he was not unaware of it. But for Hoffmann it also explains why Kissinger "reduces liberals to caricature" and "favors rightwing regimes." In the view of a neo-Kantian liberal, domestic consensus always depends on the prevalence of "progressive" policies and ideas. Whatever elections and opinion polls may say to the contrary, legitimacy in this view derives from "being on the side of history," which means in the hills or jungles or wherever the language of the Left is spoken. History has been cruel to this notion, as our good professor must know, but for decent liberal people it remains an article of faith. So Hoffmann can say—of a man who was demonstrably the most popular secretary of state in living memory, and surely the most prestigious on Capitol Hill since George C. Marshall—that "his concept of power was often too crude to be accepted at home."

Too crude—or too complex? Hoffmann seems to want to have it both ways. But it doesn't matter. Add what Hoffmann calls Kissinger's ruthlessness, his personal ambition, and his resort to fantasy (a polite word for prevarication—specifically with respect to the alleged plan to enlist Chou and Sihanouk to save Cambodia from the Khmer Rouge) and what it all comes down to is that Kissinger failed because he was not a nice guy. In power, he behaved and thought like a man of power, not like a progressive professor of political science.



So much for what one might call Kissinger's Hoffmann problem. The foreign policy elite of which Stanley Hoffmann is at once a spokesman and a critic is the milieu from which Kissinger sprang—an academic arm of the awesome Eastern establishment that Richard Nixon presumably was attempting to disarm and co-opt when he appointed him in the first place. In *White House Years* we learned how Kissinger was not only allowed but encouraged to set up his famous "back channels" to undercut the Department of State and reduce the titular secretary, Rogers, to a figurehead; to handle the press, which he did with consummate skill to the greater glory of the White House and, of course, himself; to staff the national security office with the people he needed even if they were exotics (Democrats, left-wingers, and god-only-knew-what) who would never have been tolerated in the proximity of the Chief had Kissinger's large shadow not screened them from view; and finally—the purpose of it all—to end the Vietnam war and undertake a series of spectacular initiatives: détente, the opening to China, the approach to Sadat, the Nixon Doctrine, which were to constitute the Nixon legacy, a "structure of peace." The establishment, whose thunder was thus to be stolen, suspected Nixon of betrayal from the moment he entered the White House; and for its "progressive" wing, as Hoffmann shows, these suspicions were amply confirmed.

Although Kissinger only occasionally pauses for polemics with bureaucratic adversaries like James Schlesinger or with senators like Jackson, he is visibly sensitive to the criticism of his peers, and not merely because it complicated his task with Congress and the press. It must have weighed on his mind because he keeps complaining of being caught in the middle between the Left, who insisted on viewing foreign policy as "a branch of psychiatry," and the *theological* Right. The latter were not, as one might suppose, premature moral majoritarians or any other element of the non-establishment Right. They were the sophisticated hardliners, from Paul Nitze to Lane Kirkland, for whom détente was a vast mistake.

Exactly who should be included in this category is not clear; people move in and out of it on different issues. But a major culprit is surely Norman Podhoretz, whom Kissinger takes the trouble to chide in a footnote as a critic who moved from one (anti-Vietnam) extreme to another, and whose current aberration is to insist that détente is impossible in the nature of things, that economic exchanges and arms control negotiations can only redound to

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the advantage of the Soviets, that American policy must maintain an attitude of unremitting hostility and confrontation in order to mobilize an American people historically "reluctant to support large standing armies, let alone to use them in combat" and "in the absence of some higher meaning . . . to be overwhelmed by the ever-present isolationist temptation." This is the view that Podhoretz expounded brilliantly in *The Future Danger,* and now repeats in his "reconsideration" of Kissinger:

> [B]y representing the Soviet Union as a competing superpower with whom we could negotiate peaceful and stable accommodations —instead of a Communist state hostile in its very nature to us and trying to extend its rule and its political culture over a wider and wider area of the world—the Nixon, Ford and Carter administrations robbed the Soviet-American conflict of the moral and political dimensions for the sake of which sacrifices could be intelligibly demanded by the government and willingly made by the people.

In other words, détente breeds illusion and illusion disarms us, witness the current outburst of unilateralist sentiment in Europe and the growth of antinuclear hysteria in the United States. Furthermore, Podhoretz argues, Kissinger not only created illusions but fell victim to them himself. He was so skillful a negotiator he forgot that some things were simply not negotiable and that given the nature of the adversary the very idea of accommodation was a trap. This was just as true in Vietnam and in the Middle East, wherever, in fact, our policy ignored "the terrible dangers of contriving a negotiated settlement between a party that wants peace and a party that, although it may at certain moments pretend otherwise, wants only victory." So the famous structure of peace was nothing but a mirage. It was, Podhoretz maintains, "based on a misconception of what was possible in the real world."

This strikes me as reductive, much as the idea of détente or almost any other strategic orientation becomes reductive when removed from context and looked at abstractly, as a proposition. Coming as it does after a graceful and sensitive appreciation of Kissinger's achievement as a writer, Podhoretz's sudden plunge into what he calls the "real world" (which is in fact the world of language and logic) astounds us by its rigor. For a moment we are almost persuaded that reality *is* the propositions we devise to represent it. But only for a moment. Which of the parties in the Middle East wants peace and which wants only victory? The answer may actually be both, or now one and now the other; in any case, the law of the excluded middle need not apply. The real world is not a series of statements, however cogent, but (as the philosopher said) *everything that is the case*. Whether one agrees or not—and I do not—with Podhoretz's (and Hoffmann's) dismissive view of Kissinger's talent for "conceptualizing," the essential political question remains: What did he do?

It may be that the very concept of détente misled the American people. But how much does it really weigh in the balance against the fact that every major crisis we have lived through since World War II—Berlin, Korea, the Cuban missiles, Vietnam, the "red alert" during the October War—involved the Russians on the adversary side? Kissinger uses the term détente quite loosely in *Years of Upheaval*, so that it becomes synonymous with practically all Soviet-American relations. The tactics may not always have been effective but the principle remained precisely what it had been during the coldest days of the Cold War: containment —with the hope (and what American secretary of state has not expressed it?) that someday this too shall pass.

One might have wished in these memoirs for more attention to the ideological battle; welcomed, for example, a proposal for promoting democratic ideas and practices, such as the one Ronald Reagan presented before the British Parliament early this summer. It may also be true that Kissinger and Nixon aroused exaggerated hopes in the ability of regional surrogates such as Iran to help defend our interests in the Near East and elsewhere, instead of relying exclusively on American military power, assuming Congress would ever have allowed them to do so. But surely it is unfair to blame them and the so-called doctrine of détente for the unprecedented military buildup the Russians undertook during the 1970s. How would Podhoretz have proposed to stop it?

More could have been done, I suppose, to induce the American people to match it. When the alarm was finally sounded there was no unwillingness to accept the necessary sacrifices, only a great confusion about what precisely needed to be done. But that is another story. I am suggesting not that the record is unflawed, but that in retrospect it stands up quite well. To call it an utter failure begs the obvious rejoinder: compared to what? It is not my present purpose to engage in long post-mortems to determine whether Kissinger's tactics were right or wrong, successful or not, in Cambodia, in the Middle East, in the opening to China, on arms control, but simply to point out that in not one of these most visible events was our action misdirected or vitiated by illusions about our adversaries or, for that matter, about any of the other "concepts" that Podhoretz (or Hoffmann) would offer to guide our foreign policy.

I find it impossible to quarrel with the Podhoretz catechism. What he says about the nature of the Soviet state, about the American national character, about the intentions of Jews and Arabs in the Middle East, about the purposes and prospects of our "de facto alliance with China," and so on, generally strikes me as pertinent and true. Most, if not all, of these theses could be aptly illustrated by aphorisms or vignettes from *Years of Upheaval*. But the guidance they offer is necessarily limited. Could any set of general concepts, even if spelled out in greater detail than Podhoretz does, give access to a world more "real" than the one so vividly pictured in these memoirs?

In such a world, profound insight, e.g., into the nature of the enemy, may or may not be as relevant in the short run as some passing circumstance, e.g., the enemy's food supply, or an election at home. The policymaker, in any case, must "stay loose," as our popular language puts it—but this is easier said than done. Without abandoning or betraying his convictions or forgetting what we have learned from the past he must remain aware that the future is open and that—if he is a Kissinger—his book remains to be written. □

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John S. Peterson

BIRDBRAINS IN THE PARK

A child-care specialist reports on New York City's antinuke festivities.

Untoward genius must die in a corner. I am ready to believe that these young radicals are geniuses and birds of paradise, as they evidently feel themselves to be; if so their plaints ought to make a beautiful elegy; but it would still be a dying song.

—*George Santayana*

Friday, June 11th. Like most workaday New Yorkers I had paid little attention to the plans to turn Central Park into a peacenik day-care center. By Friday afternoon, however, there was no denying that the tribes were gathering. Walking up Broadway I noted the influx of backpacks and earnest Hobbit-like faces. Approaching Columbia I observed a film crew in a bubble-top Cadillac panning the faces of William Sloane Coffin and other humanist Brahmins—followed by Buddhist drummers and a band of West Siders marching in San Francisco Mime Troupe hand-me-downs. Arriving home I learned that we would be hosting a group of West Virginia communards who were tired of sleeping in a van in Greenwich Village. Yes, the children were all around.

Saturday, June 12th. According to its organizers, the antinuclear rally had no ideological purpose other than "to support the United Nations Session on Disarmament and to call for a freeze on the reduction of all nuclear weapons and a transfer of military budgets to human needs." To believe this—and the mainstream press swallowed it whole—is to believe the moon is made of yogurt. All one had to do that weekend was follow the trail of ideological litter from Columbia to the demonstration tables off 84th Street. Here in the park's Ramble was a scene savoring of Sproul Plaza, Berkeley '67. One didn't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blew:

WAR ON U.S. FASCISTS & WARLORDS
STOP U.S.-BRITISH WAR ON ARGENTINA
FREEDOM COMES ONLY IF YOU TAKE IT
IRISH DRUMS BEAT FOR ALL THE PEOPLE
REVOLUTIONARY MARXIST SPARTICIST YOUTH LEAGUE
ATTILA THE HAIG
REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALIST PARTY
NATIONALIZE BANKS AND INDUSTRY
COMMUNIST WORKERS
EL SALVADOR IS ALL OF US
CLEVELAND INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST ORGANIZATION

Yes, although CBS camera crews kept a discreet distance, the Ramble contained every hard Left house pet of the liberal Democratic intelligentsia. Everyone, that is, except the Symbionese Liberation Army and a contingent from Jonestown.

Strolling on, I stopped at the "Goldie Oldie" button table to finger a "Punk Dykes For Piece" medallion, and then to watch an aging, ponytailed freak moon over the "Impeach Nixon" and "Sock It To LBJ" collection. ("Man, those were the days! I got a dozen of these at home on the mantle.") Heading for the Great Lawn, I paused to chat with a pair of not-so-young blue-jeaned women tending an "Uncle Sam Wants You To Have Babies" banner. Inquiring after their babies' health, I learned that neither of them had any, and wouldn't, either, until the world got its "head" better together. Pushing forward, I arrived at mid-Lawn just as the marchers came herding in to hunker in a field of silver balloons. Soon thereafter, spokesperson Orson Welles stepped forward to call the kindergarten together. "Fellow Children," he boomed, groping for the appropriate reinforcer. "Welcome . . . (H'ray for Orson! Go get 'em Orson!) . . . on the sunny side of the security blanket . . ."

Whatever Welles was driving at, the real security blanket that weekend was the New York City Police Department. In order that the marchers not skin their knees or in any way hurt themselves, Mayor Koch had donated—at taxpayer expense—five thousand cops and all the conservative amenities that keep transcendental rock rallies from turning ugly and sad. And, the June 12th committee was profoundly grateful. Male authority figures had their uses. Every third or so speaker would call for a round of applause—"strokes"—for the persons in blue. In the mainstream press, every editor would call for Bill Moyers-style "people" stories of the lovefest between marchers and cops. But was it that way? Did the police really enjoy babysitting for a few hundred thousand pampered, middle-aged kids? Shortly after Welles's monologue I watched a staff hobbit attempt to sell a rally T-shirt to a beefy sergeant. "They're only six bucks and really great, a T-shirt we can wear all summer." The sergeant, obviously a graduate of sensitivity training, maintained a twinkly Irish deadpan throughout. Only when the lady left did he turn to his squad, roll his eyes, and exclaim, "Oh, I simply *must* have one of those to go with my Calvin Kleins."

From here the afternoon fell into a kind of dreamy Dick and Jane groove. See Pete Seeger, see the sky, hear our children's children cry. Don't feel lonely, don't feel maimed, Bella Abzug here's gonna keep you sane. Watch the balloons go, bye bye

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bombs, buy a Heineken's, chugalug chugalom. It should be noted that the rock 'n' roll was ladled out with Machiavellian precision. There was just enough of it to hold the Muppets' attention through the political harangues, and yet not so much as to rev up their engines and destroy the mood of high unction. Then, too, most of the performers dated from the days when Gloria Steinem was advising George McGovern to pull up his socks on talk shows, and were, by and large, a squeaky clean lot. It was only during Linda Ronstadt's "Heat Wave" when girls began bumping and grinding atop their boyfriends' shoulders that I remembered what rock 'n' roll was all about. In a clearing a few yards away a couple of sixties freaks bounced like monkeys playing imaginary Stratocasters. Ah, the old days.

The oratory was what one would expect of a "gentle, angry people . . . singing for our lives." There was scant mention of the Soviet nuclear arsenal, Soviet foreign policy, Soviet human rights at home, or V.I. Lenin's aims for the peace movement ("The ultimate objective of peace is world Communist control"). Had Andrei Sakharov materialized and advised the crowd to thank God for the American nuclear deterrent (as he had once advised Joan Baez), a majority would have declared him as crazy as Soviet psychiatrists say he is. A minority would have cheered wildly for three seconds, then dropped it, such being the attention span of the nursery school Left. On the other hand, the crowd felt quite comfortable in hearing the President characterized as a "sick thug," and in hearing Russell Means rant about "multinationals in collusion with the U.S. in raping Mother Earth." Or in listening to Charlotte Brunch, representing the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force, call for a reversal of priorities in which medals of honor would be awarded for man loving man. Or in listening to the chief of the NYC Human Rights Council speak of celebrating our diversity while becoming sensitized to each other's pain. Which was plenty. By 5:30 my notebook was filled with all the buzzwords and abusive baby talk it could handle.

Monday, June 14th. In a Montessorian sequel, the June 12th committee spawned a more adventurous band of hobbits, the June 14th committee. These folks hung out all Sunday, breathing deeply and forming themselves into nonviolent "affinity" groups. Rumor had it that they intended to chain themselves to the doors of five United Nations Missions. Actually it never came to that; the NYPD had been briefed and had hustled up the barricades the night before. Consequently, the Monday protest fizzled into a mere "textbook" exercise. The demonstrators would crawl politely through the barricades and wait for the police to ask them just as politely whether they preferred to walk to the bus or perhaps be carried on a stretcher. Given a shot at a free ride and two souvenir citations, most demonstrators I observed rolled belly-up. As Daniel Berrigan said, "It was like granola and yogurt—easy."

Over the weekend Abbie Hoffman remarked that it was hard to figure the "Freeze" crowd. Abbie of course was pulling the *New York Times*'s leg again. Although the nuclear death theme was likely to attract a flock of neurotics, in the forefront of the "Freeze" rally were the same McGovernite children who seized the day at the 1968 Democratic Convention and have been with us ever since, running on empty and riding for free. Watching a jump-suited "affinity" group gather on a hopscotch square near the U.S. Mission, I almost felt sorry for them. Now in their late 20s, 30s, and even 40s, how will the Kids survive if the "Freeze" gig fizzles? □

Fred Barnes

LOSING THAT POPULIST TOUCH: RONALD REAGAN'S CRUMBLING COALITION

The GOP resumes Republican politics-as-usual.

Not long ago, a young congressional aide named David Smick went to the White House to visit a presidential assistant. "We're losing it," the White House official complained, expressing deep concern over the Administration's economic troubles and President Reagan's sinking popularity. "What can we do?" he asked. The answer from Smick, who works for Congressman Jack Kemp, came without hesitation. "Take all the new china and throw it out a second-story window of the White House," he blurted. "Throw out every last piece of it and call in the press to watch the whole show." It was unorthodox but sound advice.

Not that the purchase of the expensive china was an event of intrinsic significance; plainly, it wasn't. It created a flap of several days' duration, reinforcing the notion that the President's wife, Nancy, has rich and snobbish tastes and forcing Reagan to spring to her defense at a nationally televised press conference. Then, having apparently done no more than a modicum of political damage, the china controversy died. But it left behind an enduring symbol: the china as tangible evidence of elitism, of seeming lack of compassion, of Republican politics-as-usual. Or put another way, the china became a metaphor for what has gone wrong with the Reagan Administration, depriving the President of the populist appeal that animated his 1980 campaign and was the foundation of the extraordinary coalition which thrust him into office.

The china points to the dark side of Reaganism in the same way Jimmy Carter's blue jeans suggested his inadequacies in the White House. In Carter's case, the jeans signaled that he was a rube not quite up to the task of the presidency. In Reagan's, the china plays on the popular idea that he is a rich man's President, a guy who looks out more for his wealthy friends from Beverly Hills than the bindlestiff from Jersey City. Both the affluent and the blue-collar were crucial to the Reagan coalition. But now, as surely as the china has stayed, the coalition is dissolving—and with it the prospect of a political realignment that would catapult a conservative Republican party into permanent majority status. The well-to-do aren't leaving; they've always been Republicans. But working stiffs, many of them union members and Catholics, and middle- and low-income whites from the South, and Jews, are deserting Reagan. He can't, in

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short, keep the china and them, too.

This breakup didn't have to happen. There is a natural conservative majority in the country; Kevin Phillips has been writing about it for more than a decade, sometimes with remarkable prescience, sometimes not. It consists of the base Republican vote, concentrated in the Midwest and West and in the suburbs everywhere, combined with white Southerners of traditional conservative bent, working-class Northerners attracted by appeals on social issues and national defense, and Jews who have been meandering toward conservatism for years. For Reagan in 1980, this natural majority emerged as a fragile coalition. The trick as President was to hold it together. For sure, the recession hasn't helped Reagan accomplish this. Nor has the natural downturn in popularity that any President encounters after the first six or eight months in office, when tough decisions begin to pile up and the press turns more aggressive or at least awfully picky.

But Reagan and his policies haven't always helped, either. To the extent that his decisions to postpone and shrink the tax cut and endorse the rigid monetarism of the Federal Reserve Board caused, deepened, or prolonged the recession, Reagan is responsible for undermining the coalition. The precise effect these decisions have had on the recession is debatable, but they have had at least some impact, none of it favorable. And given the recession, Reagan has often acted in ways that buttress the image of a rich man's President, uncaring, aloof, and coiled to strike at Social Security. His quibbling about unemployment statistics, for instance, came off as small-minded and legalistic at a time of nearly 10-percent joblessness. The President has also failed to exploit social issues such as abortion, school prayer, pornography, and crime, despite his unquestionable devotion to them and their palpable appeal to blue-collar Catholics and white Southerners who have yet to be weaned from the Democratic party. Moreover, his foreign policy has frequently been an elitist effort indistinguishable from the approach of Carter, with the striped-pants set in control and Reagan's fervent anti-Communism normally downplayed. On Poland, the President has been outflanked on the Right by the AFL-CIO, a sure sign of trouble for him. Finally, there is Israel. One source of Reagan's appeal to Jews in 1980 was his unflinching support for Israel. As President, he has flinched.

The most startling aspect of the crumbling of the Reagan coalition is the partisan line along which it has cracked. Regular Republicans have stuck with the President, those who are by habit Democrats—blue-collar types, Southerners, Jews—have departed. And economics explains much of this, as Reagan has drifted away from the optimism of supply-side economics, with its promise of economic growth, to the old-fashioned Republican obsession with budget deficits and tight money. The politics of austerity may be popular with Republicans, but it isn't what Reagan practiced in his presidential campaign and it isn't what persuaded millions of Democrats to vote for him. Supply-side economics and its deep cuts in individual tax rates were persuasive—and still are. The most convincing evidence of its abiding appeal is the burgeoning national enthusiasm for the ultimate supply-side tax system, a flat rate. Even Democrats like Senator Bill Bradley have joined the flat tax movement, but Reagan has been a belated follower.

The President's shift from supply-side economics toward what Arthur Laffer calls the "root-canal school"—if it doesn't hurt, it's not doing any good—began in the early days of his presidency. Fear of deficits, that old GOP bugaboo, led him to delay the 30-percent cut in personal tax rates from January 1, 1981, to July 1. That

was followed by a second compromise, this time with conservative Democrats in the House of Representatives anxious about deficits, which resulted in a 25 percent tax reduction starting October 1. It was too little, too late, Reagan now concedes. The recession might have been averted if he'd stuck with his initial tax cut, he has argued. And the compromise didn't work anyway; the recession-swollen deficits were worse than ever. More recently, the Reagan Administration has turned to raising taxes, not cutting them. Only by an act of lonely defiance was the President able to withstand the pressure of his staff last winter and deflect the bid for a boost in cigarette, beer, and gasoline taxes, precisely the taxes that strike at the folks Reagan was seeking to keep in the Republican fold. In the summer, Reagan succumbed when Senator Robert Dole concocted a $100 billion tax hike; the White House endorsed the scheme, cigarette tax and all. This was supposed to send the ballyhooed "signal to financial markets" that deficits would fall and thus interest rates should drop as well, but the signal was not received.

A case can be made that Reagan's instincts on tax and money issues have turned sour. Caught cold by a flat rate question at a press conference last May, Reagan dismissed the idea as unworkable and possibly harmful to organizations that rely on voluntary contributions. "I haven't taken a position," he said. "The thing is, it's not as simple as it sounds." Two months later, though, the flat rate movement having made enough noise so that even the White House could hear, Reagan said the idea was "tempting." On monetary policy, the Administration has aimed occasional shots at Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker, but only for failing to reach the money growth targets, never for pursuing a policy since October 1979 that has contributed mightily to a nearly uninterrupted recession. Though Reagan used to speak adoringly of a gold standard, his unswerving policy as President is tight money of the kind that Democrats find an easy political target. It is a policy that is breathtakingly anti-populist, and, not surprisingly, it has hastened the migration homeward of conservative Democrats.

Sadly, there is more. The White House has sometimes come up short in seeking the appropriate demeanor during a deep recession. The best public stance is clearly not to label the recession necessary, as Budget Director David Stockman did last winter in calling it "part of the cure, not the problem." Or as Press Secretary Larry Speakes did in characterizing recession as "the price that you have to pay for bringing down inflation." That is "root canal" wisdom, the pain-is-good-for-you school. Regardless of its worth as economic insight, it is political death.

So is being on the wrong side of the Social Security and "corporate welfare" issues. Perhaps Social Security benefits are too generous, perhaps the cost-of-living increases are too hefty, perhaps the program is on the brink of financial collapse. But trying to rectify all this in the midst of economic suffering is politically misguided. Besides, it is doomed to failure. After being burned in 1981 with a bold Social Security reform proposal, the Administration came back again last spring with a rash endorsement of Senator Pete Domenici's plan to achieve $40 billion in Social Security savings. Predictably, Reagan was singed again. On this matter, Senator Teddy Kennedy may be correct. "There is something at the heart of the Republican party which yearns to undo Social Security," he told the Democratic mini-convention. He might have added that the GOP is poised to harness Social Security even at the party's peril. The renegade Democrats who joined the Reagan coalition in 1980 avidly support cuts in welfare, but neither the Administration nor Senate Republicans appear to recognize that these folks don't regard Social Security as welfare. They think it is money they earned.

If the Administration shot itself in the foot—twice—on Social Security, it merely muffed its chance to attack "corporate welfare," the largely unseen subsidies for big business. Here was a classic populist issue, one on which Stockman was well informed. But he opted to raise taxes, not trim corporate benefits. "OMB seems to be saying the economic problem today is that working men and women have too much money to spend and that the only solution is to raise taxes on the average citizen's consumption of beer, gasoline, and other personal items," Congressmen Kemp and Trent Lott wrote Stockman. If deficits are such a problem, "why should we ignore the vast amount of corporate welfare, the big business subsidies you (Stockman) fought against for years in Congress?" Stockman's answer was stony silence.

On enterprise zones for depressed cities, an issue with populist appeal, Reagan's instincts served him well. He endorsed it in his campaign, insisted that his aides draft enter-

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prise zone legislation, and traveled to Baltimore in July to plug the bill. In the midst of urban budget cuts and a recession, it was a beacon of light for troubled cities, especially Baltimore, where Democratic Mayor William Donald Schaefer was an enthusiastic supporter. His ardor and Reagan's notwithstanding, the Administration allowed the legislation to languish. The AFL-CIO, which opposes the measure, concluded the Administration was not serious about the proposal. Schaefer got the same impression, and he went to Washington to prod the Administration and Vice President George Bush. "If this really is a top administration priority, if it really is, then the vice president ought to be given the task of pushing it through," Schaefer said. "If that doesn't happen, it will hang there." Bush was said to be miffed at Schaefer's noisy complaint, and the bill hangs there.

A similar story can be told on social issues, which were staples of the Reagan campaign. They were dropped once Reagan became President. At one press conference, he awkwardly ducked a question on when he might get around to them, and White House aides advised that these issues were divisive and kooky. Too late, the Administration realized it needed them desperately to shore up Reagan's support among single-issue zealots, New Rightists, Catholics, and Southerners. But by the time the President got around to embracing the anti-abortion cause again and the school prayer amendment and tuition tax credits, the congressional election was nearing, and his sudden avidity for social issues was seen as pure politics, defensive and superficial.

If all else failed—and not *all* else did fail—Reagan might have kept his populist coalition together by conducting a consistent, aggressive anti-Communist foreign policy. The true test of this was Poland, and Reagan's sanctions against the Soviet Union were weaker than Carter's when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan. The Administration took the ultimate in elitist positions, choosing to prevent Poland from defaulting on its debt to the West for fear that this might jeopardize German banks. It was not a policy likely to electrify a longshoreman in New Jersey or a farmer in South Carolina. Another important test was Israel, with which Reagan got off to a bad start by selling AWACS radar planes to Saudi Arabia for questionable reasons. Ironically, the Administration acted with remarkable restraint in the face of press hysteria when Israel invaded Lebanon—and got little credit for it. Rather than appearing to support Israel eagerly, Reagan looked weak, with the Begin tail wagging the Reagan dog. It did not help him recover his lost ground among Jews.

None of this means Reagan cannot be reelected, possibly with ease. And it doesn't mean that Republicans are certain to suffer a titanic setback in the election this fall. But it does mean that an opportunity, a populist opening that may not come again, was missed partly because of insensitivity to the elements of the Reagan coalition which needed the most assiduous massaging. These elements were not appeased at the trough of the recession when CBS News was able to follow an emotional spot on a woman who had lost her food stamps and Medicare benefits with news on Nancy Reagan's hideously expensive dresses. Like the china flap, this served only to remind urban Catholics and union stiffs and working-class Southerners why they were Democrats in the first place and why they might want to pass up the chance to join a Republican party where business-as-usual seems to prevail. □

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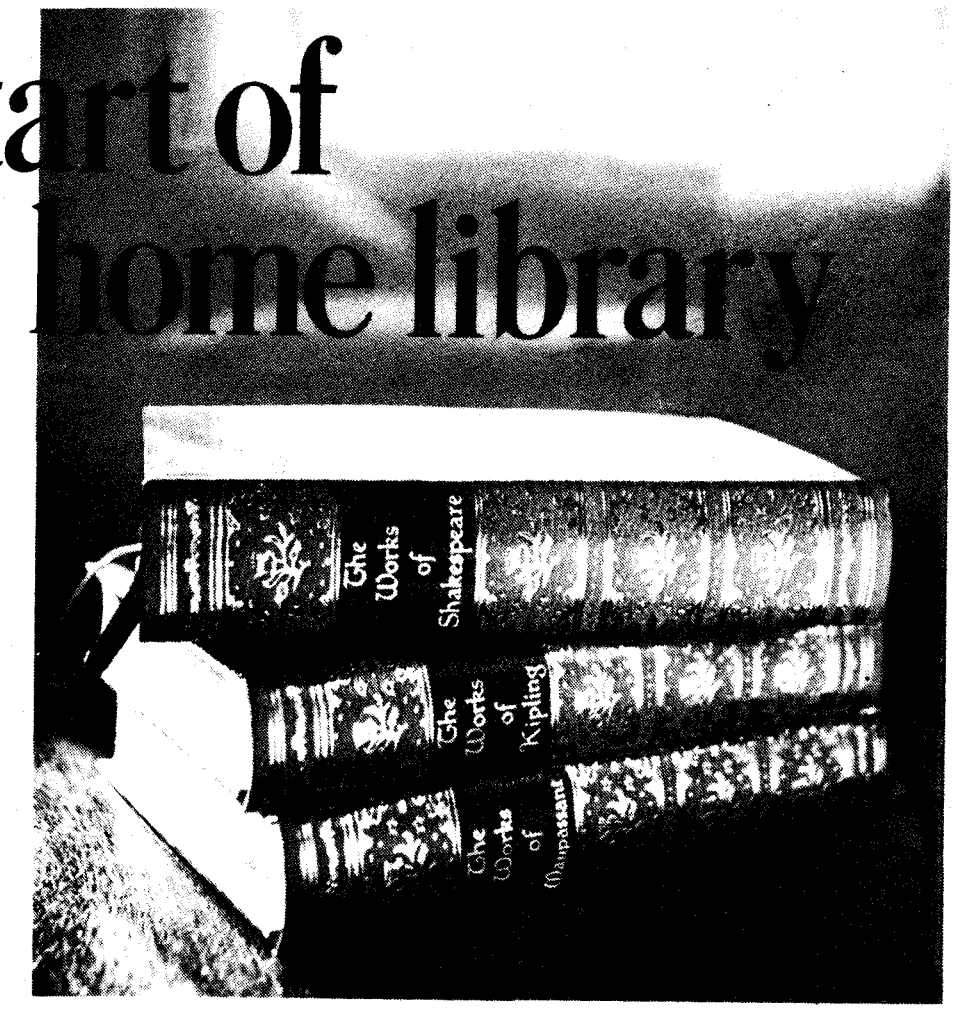

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A NEW FLOCK OF SHEEP

by Walter Berns

As the Catholic "Peace Bishops" are about to learn, it is not possible to be both an American and a martyr. Christian "witnesses" have been known in other times and places to endure unspeakable torments rather than abandon their faith, and there must still be Americans (perhaps these bishops) who would cheerfully audition for that role, but, alas for them and fortunately for the rest of us, our civil authorities refuse to cooperate by casting them in it. They don't ask anyone to "testify" to his faith; the Constitution forbids them to ask such questions. They ask only that everybody obey the laws, which explains why our potential or passive martyrs are reduced to going to court. There, instead of being tortured, they are rewarded. Like almost every other American profession or, indeed, activity, what passes for martyrdom here is likely to prove profitable. It surely was for Eddie C. Thomas and it is likely to be for the bishops and their flocks.

A Jehovah's Witness, Thomas was initially hired by his employer to work in a roll foundry which produced sheet steel for a variety of industrial uses; when the foundry was closed down, he was transferred to a department engaged solely in the fabrication of military tank turrets. Citing religious scruples against any kind of military weapons work, Thomas quit his job and—apparently setting aside whatever scruples he might have had against receiving aid from a government that has a use for tank turrets—applied for unemployment compensation. Here he was opposed by the Indiana law that recognized voluntary terminations of employment but only those for "good cause in connection with the work." His administrative appeals proving fruitless, Thomas went to court, eventually all the way to the Supreme Court where, as any cynical (and not so cynical) observer of that august body could have predicted, he won. By refusing to award him unemployment compensation, the Court said, Indiana had deprived him of the free exercise of religion in blatant violation of the First Amendment. Only Justice Rehnquist dissented.

At this point, it might be useful to be reminded of what the Constitution (as opposed to the Supreme Court) has to say on this subject of religion and the military. The religious provisions of the First Amendment read as follows: "Congress [and by judicial construction, the states] shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." It used to be understood that nothing in this language prevented the government from requiring military service of every citizen or from punishing anyone who, for whatever reason, refused to serve. Since the United States has never seen itself as a modern Sparta, the apparent severity of this principle has always been moderated by the practice of allowing people with religious scruples against bearing arms to claim exemptions as conscientious objectors. But this was understood to be a matter of legislative grace, not constitutional right. As someone said during the Bill of Rights debates in the First Congress, and no one contradicted him, "no man can claim this indulgence by right," and so long as these issues were governed by the Constitution, no man could claim any lesser indulgence by right. Jefferson stated the principle embodied in the free exercise clause when he wrote that, unlike the operations of the mind, the acts of the body "are subject to the coercion of the laws," and he would have scoffed at the idea that the operations of Thomas's mind were being coerced when, by Indiana law, he was being deprived of a share of the state's money.

None of this carries any weight with the modern Supreme Court; it has long since abandoned any idea that it might learn something of importance from the Constitution itself or from the men who framed and first explicated its provisions. The *Thomas* case provides an example of this. The only issue to be decided, said the Court, was whether Thomas refused to make tank turrets "because of an honest conviction that such work was forbidden by his religion." Since it was clear from the record that he had "terminated his employment for religious reasons," the Court forbade the state to deprive him of compensation, for to do so would prohibit him freely to exercise his religion. Formulated in Jefferson's terms, this means that the law may not coerce or "punish" an act of the body (quitting a job) that is induced by an operation of the mind (a religious opinion), a proposition which would have astonished Jefferson and the framers of the First Amendment.

This new principle of religious freedom would permit a person to disobey a criminal statute if, in his "honest" opinion, to obey it would require him to act contrary to a religious belief. So it was in *Wisconsin* v. *Yoder* (1972), a case much relied on by the Court in *Thomas*. Yoder, a member of the Old Order Amish sect, refused to allow his children to attend high school, public or private, and was convicted of violating the state's compulsory school attendance law. He and his co-defendant were fined the sum of $5 each. The Supreme Court, ruling in his favor, did not declare the law unconstitutional—after the school segregation case especially, who would dare to say that it is not important that children be required to go to school?—it simply said that Yoder did not have to obey it. Although it had ramifications that extended far beyond this particular religious group, the case illustrated the importance of being Amish: Alone among all the people of Wisconsin, Yoder and his fellow sectarians do not have to obey a valid criminal statute.

In one respect, however, the *Thomas* decision departs even more than *Yoder* from the original understanding of the free exercise clause. It is an article of faith with the Old Order Amish that their communities, and beyond a certain age

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their children, be isolated from the influences of the world around them. God, they all believe, has forbidden them to render unto Caesar what, in this case, Caesar had demanded. But there is no equivalent consensus among the Jehovah's Witnesses concerning employment in weapons factories; indeed, Thomas had a friend and fellow Jehovah's Witness in the plant who said it was not "unscriptural" to work on weapons parts. Thomas's opinion was idiosyncratic even within his church, yet he was permitted to rely on it when he claimed compensation. As the Court put it, "the guarantee of free exercise is not limited to beliefs which are shared by all of the members of a religious sect."

While acknowledging the possibility that someone might come forward with a claim "so bizarre, so clearly nonreligious in motivation, as not to be entitled to protection under the Free Exercise Clause," the Court was unwilling to make that judgment here and, moreover, suggested that it would be reluctant to make it in any case. Such judgments, it said, are not within "the judicial function and judicial competence." Here, at least, it was correct, but legions of dissenters, each asserting an "honest" religious opinion—it must be a religious opinion—will be able to march through the door opened by the *Thomas* decision.

So far, only the name of Eddie C. Thomas is inscribed in our *Book of [Minor] Martyrs*, but there will soon be many more eligible for inclusion. Jehovah's Witnesses are not the only sectarians with religious scruples, and our factories produce lots of weapons in addition to tanks. Some produce nuclear warheads, for example, and it may not have been a coincidence that, within a few weeks of the Court's decision in the *Thomas* case, the Bishop of Amarillo was calling upon his diocesan Catholics to quit their jobs in the nearby warhead assembly plant. He suggested that they find life-saving rather than life-destroying jobs, and, thanks to the Court, Texas will be under a constitutional obligation to tide them over until they succeed (or, at least, until their periods of eligibility run out). Since the so-called "Peace Bishops" (and their Protestant coadjutors) are at work all over the country, the time will soon arrive when all the states will be under a similar obligation. Under the threat of being inundated by such claims, their unemployment compensation boards might decide to get tough. "What," they might ask, "after all these years, makes you now think that making nuclear weapons is forbidden by your religion?" And the response will be, "my bishop told me so," and that will be that.

Another bishop, this one from Seattle, is advising his people to withhold half their federal income taxes as a way of protesting the arms buildup. When brought before a court, they too will say, "my bishop told me that it is forbidden to pay for life-destroying weapons, and that to be forced to pay for them would deprive me of the free exercise of my religion." And if the Court is consistent, that, too, will be that.

Rather than fight the issue in the courts, the states would be better advised to ask Congress to dust off that old Roosevelt Court-packing plan. Then, assuming the President makes the right appointments and the law is brought back in conformity with the Constitution, our potential martyrs will have a chance to demonstrate the real depths of their convictions. □

EMINENTOES

ADMIRAL ANTINUKE

by Joseph A. Rehyansky

For years much evidence has existed that tended to show that Admiral Hyman George Rickover, the father of the atomic submarine, is a miserable little man; now there is a long and tiresome book that goes a long way toward proving it.* Lest you think me unkind, let me hasten to add that, after this work, there can probably never be a more definitive history of the development of American naval nuclear power. As biography, however, the book is a failure, on the same order as Ralph de Toledano's *J. Edgar Hoover;* beyond the information culled from files, newspaper clippings, and the spotty reminiscences of disgruntled former associates, there just isn't much of a story. In much the same way that Hoover *was* the FBI, Admiral Hyman George Rickover *was*—even, for a time, after this book was published—the nuclear Navy.

Not that the authors didn't try. Their book is not quite the one they wanted to write. Rickover's assistance and cooperation were solicited early on. From his office came the following answer: "Admiral Rickover has asked me to reply to your letter. . . . Please be advised that he does not desire to have a book written about him. Therefore, he will not grant the interviews you requested." The letter was signed by Rickover's secretary. The authors charged ahead relentlessly nevertheless, in a manner not dissimilar to their subject's.

Hyman G. Rickover was born the son of a Jewish tailor in Russian-occupied Poland in 1898 or 1900. The former date appears more likely to be the correct one; the young Rickover may have falsified some information in order to avoid the possibility of being considered too old to enter the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1918. Contrary to popular legend, he was neither the first Jew to graduate from the Academy nor the first to achieve flag rank. He was, however, one of only 17 Jews (of 955 midshipmen) who entered, with the class of 1922, an institution that, if not exactly rife with anti-Semitism, was definitely not hospitable toward its Jewish midshipmen. "All Jews lived in Coventry," remembers one member of the class of 1915, by which was meant isolation and ostracism. And one particularly unpopular Jew in Rickover's class had a yearbook page all to himself when he graduated—a page that was *unnumbered and perforated at the binding*.

Rickover has never made any secret of his contempt for Annapolis—it must have been particularly galling for him when, in 1974, he had to attend the dedication there of a building named in his honor—but it was probably his years at Annapolis that helped form a frame of reference that provided the basis of his contempt for a larger institution: the United States Navy.

Why, or when, Rickover decided to stay in the Navy is not clear. His career, until he became the head of Naval Reactors Branch at an age when most naval officers are preparing to retire, was entirely undistinguished, except by his capacity for hard work and by several disasters. His one tour in command of a naval vessel—81 days during 1937—was a fiasco. Disgruntled crew members raised the red flag of mutiny during his tenure, and secretly painted the word "madhouse" on the ship's side

Rickover: Controversy And Genius, by Norman Polmar and Thomas B. Allen. Simon and Schuster, $20.75.

Joseph A. Rehyansky is an enlisted veteran of service in Vietnam with George S. Patton III's 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, a contributor to National Review, *and a lawyer.*

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where it could be seen as she steamed into port. Rickover's prompt relief was a lively topic at the Navy Club bar in Manila. Only once more would Rickover be placed in command by the U.S. Navy: In July 1945 he took over the ship repair facility at Okinawa, a post that would have been extremely important had an amphibious invasion of Japan been necessary. A few days after his arrival, a typhoon blew the place flat. Rickover began, in his dogged and tireless way, to rebuild it from virtually nothing, only to see the atom bombing of Japan end the war, shortly after which he received instructions not to bother.

After the war, Rickover was assigned as a Navy representative to the Manhattan Project at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and there his vision of a nuclear-powered submarine took hold. He was assigned to the fledgling nuclear program, according to retired Vice Admiral William Smedberg, because the Navy "couldn't see his value in any other place . . . so they thought they might put him in there. He kind of backed into the job."

From this point onward in the book, and an early point it is, the stories of Hyman Rickover and the development of our nuclear fleet merge, with the latter taking precedence and the former providing relief —sometimes comic, frequently grotesque, occasionally poignant. The story of the early stages of this development can be fascinating if your bent is toward engineering or you need a primer on top-notch bureaucratic infighting. But if your primary interest is the man himself, you almost have to work backwards, painfully piecing together a jigsaw puzzle of a man, the pieces of which consist of what he accomplished, and how.

Suffice it to say that Hyman Rickover makes most of the workaholics I know look mellow. Of work, he has said: "Man's work begins with his job or profession. Having a vocation is always somewhat of a *miracle, like falling in love.*" And: "Most of the work in the world today is done by those who work too hard; they comprise a 'nucleus of martyrs.' The greater part of the remaining workers' energy goes into complaining. . . ." Rickover, needless to say, is one of the martyrs. Life at Naval Reactors began promptly at eight each morning, and could end at any time up until two the next morning, with Rickover and the people closest to him putting in the longest and most grueling days. During those days, and nights, Hyman Rickover first seized responsibility for every aspect of America's nuclear Navy, executed this responsibility with the passion and energy of a zealot, and jealously protected his turf as the private fiefdom it became. He worked everyone, from the senior officers immediately under him to the lowly construction workers at shipyards he meddled with, like machines. Once a congressman mentioned to him that there had been complaints about mandatory overtime at one of "his" shipyards, and it was suspected that the overtime had been responsible for an upsurge in heart attacks among the workers. Rickover's reply, apparently sincere, was that he had just had a heart attack himself, and his doctors had told him to exercise. Perhaps the workers at the yard could improve their health by working harder.

It does not seem likely, however, that Rickover always saw the Naval Reactors Branch as a life's work. He was still a captain when he was put in charge and, in accordance with Navy tradition, groomed and identified a successor in order to enhance his own chances for promotion to rear admiral as well as, presumably, reassignment. When he was passed over—not once, but twice—for promotion, and thereby faced mandatory retirement,

The Surface Contingent

A recent finding at the General Motors Research Laboratories has changed scientific thinking about the behavior of electrons in metal surfaces. This discovery provides a greater understanding of the fundamental physical processes involved in such surface events as adhesion, corrosion and catalysis.

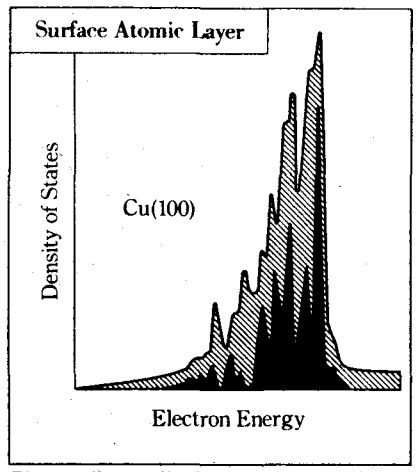

Figure 1: Energy distribution of electrons in outermost atomic layer. Shaded area indicates electrons in surface states.

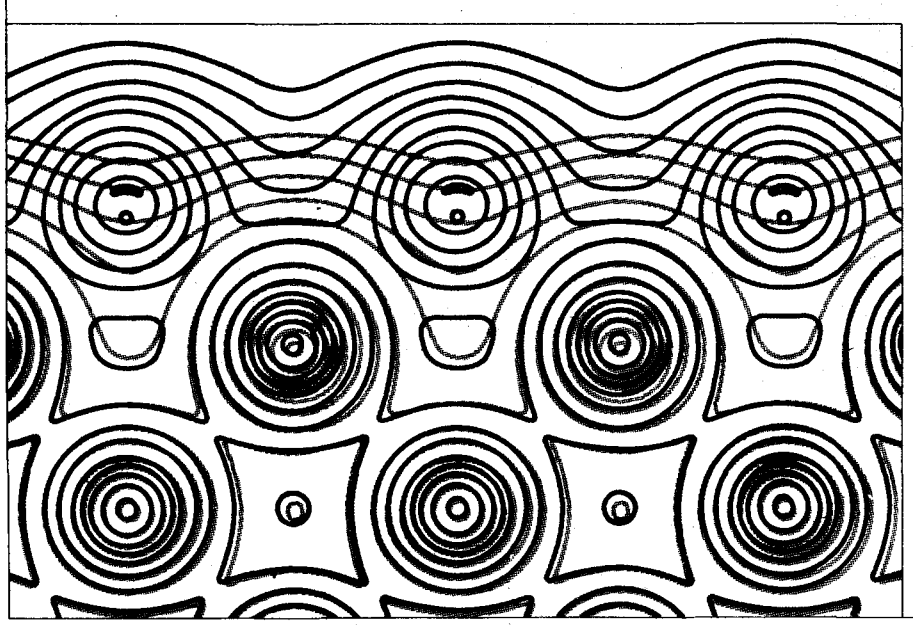

Figure 2: Two electron density contour maps of the cross-section of a Cu(100) surface. One map shows a clean copper surface (lt. gray); the other shows a nitrogen-covered copper surface (dk. gray).

CONVENTIONAL scientific thought treats virtually all of the valence electrons found in the surface atomic layer of a metal as if they are free to roam throughout the metal's interior. The work of three physicists at the General Motors Research Laboratories suggests otherwise. Through calculations confirmed by experimental data, the theorists have shown that more than a quarter of the valence electrons in the top atomic layer of some metals are effectively trapped in the surface. The presence of so many "surface state" electrons must be considered when analyzing physical and chemical surface phenomena, including such surface events as oxidation leading to corrosion.

Drs. John Smith, Jack Gay and Frank Arlinghaus applied their theoretical analysis to the (100) surface of five metals: copper, nickel, silver, rhodium and palladium. They made bold predictions concerning the percentage of electrons in the surface atomic layer to be found in surface states: Cu(36%), Ni(23%), Ag(23%), Rh(23%) and Pd(19%). The ratio of the shaded area to the hatched area of figure 1 gives the percentage for copper.

Electrons in surface states are not only abundant, but also highly localized on the surface. Chemisorption on a metal is also confined to the surface region. Figure 2 shows what happens in the case of nitrogen chemisorbed on copper. The two contour maps coincide except in the surface layer, where the interaction is largely exhibited. Localization of the interaction holds for the chemisorption of other gases, including oxygen in the initial stage of metal oxidation. These observations led the physicists to conclude that surface states are important in chemisorption.

One way to probe electrons in surfaces is to chemisorb atoms on a clean metal surface and look for changes in photoemission spectra. Such an experiment was performed at GM for fractional monolayers of nitrogen, oxygen and sulfur on Cu(100). The dominant change in the photoemission spectrum was the disappearance of a large peak whose shape and

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Rickover established his mutual admiration society with key members of Congress, got himself promoted through complex and dangerous political intercession, made himself invulnerable by refusing to train a replacement or even employ a deputy, and drew the wagons in a circle. From that point onward, when Rickover spoke of "the Navy," he was referring to an adversary. From that point onward, he never wore a uniform except when expressly ordered to do so. From that point onward, he courted Congress continuously and successfully; it was you and me (the patriotic visionary and the solons) against them (the entrenched, hidebound bureaucrats). He discovered devils, and spoke out against them. They were lawyers, government contractors (he called them "vendors"), television, football, sloth, capitalism . . . and the U.S. Navy. As for the previously anointed successor, Robert Moore, well, after Rickover secured his own promotion and his continuation at Naval Reactors, he apparently began to think of himself as indispensable. He "did everything he could," says Moore, "to make my life miserable, my work assignments almost impossible . . ." Moore requested and received a transfer. "If anything goes wrong, I'm responsible," Rickover would say, speaking of every phase in the development of every American nuclear vessel.

But there are chinks in this noble knight's armor. When the *Thresher* went down with the loss of 129 lives on April 9, 1963, Rickover's first official act was to phone the Chief of the Bureau of Ships, his nominal superior, to remind him that he, Rickover, was merely in the reactor business, and since there was no evidence that the reactor had malfunctioned (this later proved untrue), it was obviously a *design* problem and BuShips was thus responsible.

Perhaps nowhere is there a better revelation of Rickover's character than in his legendary interviews with prospective "nucs" (pronounced "nukes"). Rickover always insisted, from the days when the *Nautilus* was only a blueprint, on approving through personal interview every officer and every key enlisted man accepted into the nuclear program. The stories of these degrading, bullying, even indecent exercises are widespread in the Navy, and the sources for them are, for the most part, the most reliable of men. One such interview, in its entirety, went like this:

RICKOVER: "Are you the son of Admiral _____?"
CANDIDATE: "Yes, sir."
RICKOVER: "This interview is completed."

The young midshipman was not selected for nuclear training, and an old score was settled.

Another victim was Lieutenant James Earl Carter, who later went into politics. He was selected for the nuclear program, but his claims to having been a "nuclear physicist" (after questioning he modified that to "nuclear engineer") who worked for Hyman Rickover seem tenuous at best. His nuclear career consisted of eleven months at a laboratory in Schenectady, New York. According to Richard Laning, the first commander of the *Seawolf,* the ship Carter was training to serve on, he "never finished the first part of the course." In fact, Carter never set foot on a nuclear submarine until he was President. The text of Rickover's interview with the future President is not available, and we have only Carter's word regarding Rickover's question about why he didn't always do his "best" at Annapolis, but the interview does appear to have been only an average inquisitorial exer-

energy location was independent of the chemisorbed atom. It was of special interest that the shape and energy location of this peak was nearly identical to the envelope around the surface state peaks in figure 1. This suggests that surface state electrons play a major role in the chemisorption process.

THE THEORETICAL advance at the heart of the discovery is the "Self-Consistent Local Orbital (SCLO) Method" for solving the Schrödinger equation. This new mathematical method was devised by the GM theorists to handle the classic dilemma posed by the self-consistency requirement. The characterization of electron behavior used to complete the equation must be consistent with the behavior predicted by the equation. In other words, one almost needs to know the answer in order to make the calculation.

Self-consistent solution of the equation for a metal surface is made exceedingly difficult by the three-dimensional nature of the electron density distribution. The theorists dealt with this challenge successfully by dividing the electron density distribution into two parts—the first part due to overlapping atomic density distributions; the second part equaling the difference between this atomic contribution and the exact density distribution.

One of the more stringent tests of the accuracy of the SCLO method was an angular photoemission experiment conducted by Heimann et al., at the University of Munich subsequent to publication of the GM research. The German research team confirmed a prominent surface state band predicted by the three GM physicists. This was the first time a surface state band on a solid had been calculated prior to its being seen experimentally. The SCLO method makes possible something that could not be done before—accurate prediction of the actual behavior of electrons whirling around nuclei at the surface of a metal.

"The large body of surface states we found on metal surfaces," says Dr. Smith, "may be a controlling factor in many physical and chemical surface phenomena. By replacing conjecture with calculation, the new surface theoretical methods give us the means to make major steps forward in the analysis of surface and interface properties."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Smith, Gay and Arlinghaus are theorists in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

John Smith (center) and Jack Gay (right) received doctorates in physics; Smith from Ohio State University and Gay from the University of Florida. Frank Arlinghaus received his Ph.D. in physical chemistry from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

John Smith, leader of the GM solid state physics group, did postdoctoral work at the University of California in La Jolla. He joined General Motors in 1972. Frank Arlinghaus and Jack Gay joined the corporation in 1964 and 1965, respectively.

Each member of the team brings to the project a different expertise: Smith in surface physics, Gay in solid state theory, and Arlinghaus in bulk band structure calculations.

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cise, as these things went: a barren room, an official witness, browbeating, shouting, and sometimes foul language.

Rickover was criticized on occasion for the way he handled these interviews, among other things. But he continued to do it his way, without interference. He had friends in Congress. He was Admiral of The Hill.

There is a family: Despite Rickover's frequent derogatory comments about the foolishness of "nest building" and "egg hatching," he sired a son, who is now 42, a financier. His first wife, apparently beloved, died in 1972. Two years later he married a career Navy nurse, who retired shortly after their marriage. These three people are wraith-like in *Rickover,* of no significance whatever. Is it the authors' fault? I cannot tell. They may very well have exerted a wraith-like influence on Rickover's life. His first wife, Ruth Masters Rickover, was an intellectual —a linguist and an expert in international law. She left behind one book and one angry interview, of which the authors make use. It is believed that she was the ghost-writer of Rickover's books on education.

Shortly after this book became available, Rickover's luck ran out: President Reagan declined to continue him on active duty upon the expiration of his latest two-year extension. The reasons are not publicly known, but Rickover himself has provided some clues. During his final testimony before Congress, the Admiral declared that radioactivity is so dangerous that all military and civilian nuclear reactors should be barred. He is "not proud" of the part he played in the development of nuclear submarines and wishes that the United States and the USSR would "sink them all." The arms race is out of control and "we'll probably destroy ourselves. . . . Some new species will come along. They may be wiser." He came to the University of Virginia recently to speak on "The Presidency and National Defense." Eschewing the billing that had packed Mr. Jefferson's rotunda, he spoke instead about whales, the evils of progress, the belching of "great quantities of junk into the atmosphere," the exhaustion of resources. He refused to answer a question on defense spending and, when asked for his views on a solution to the arms race, replied, ". . . wipe out all the Americans and then wipe out all the Soviets . . ."

A few months ago, when it began to look as if President Reagan might not extend Admiral Rickover's tenure, a former undersecretary of the Navy took to the pages of the *Washington Post* to write in defense of the Admiral: that there isn't a Russian skipper anywhere on or under the earth's oceans who sleeps soundly in his berth at night, for fear of Hyman Rickover's sleek, silent, and deadly creations, and for that every American owes him an enduring debt of gratitude. Undeniably true.

But remember my fellow grateful Americans: This is also the man who, after a personal interview, hired Jimmy Carter to run a nookaleer reactor. □

THE GREAT

AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

THE SALOONS OF WALL STREET

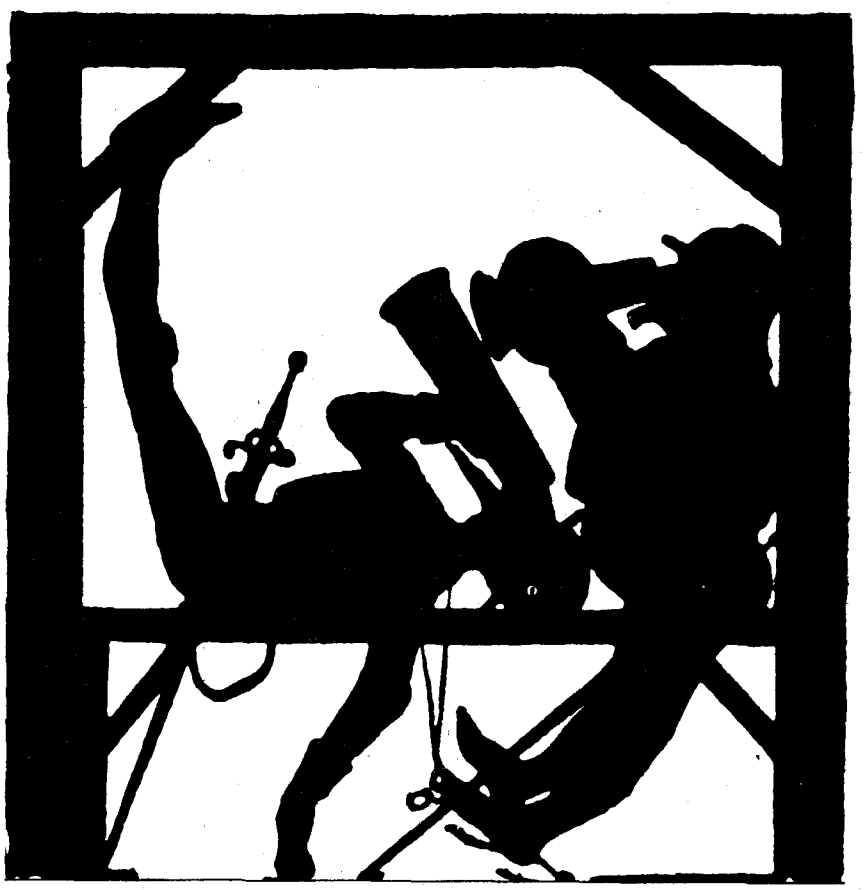
by Joe Mysak

Delmonico's is closed. It has been closed for a long time, although the curved brass nameplate is still there. There always seem to be some construction workers around it, too, but the legendary Delmonico's is no more, and neither is the great American saloon on Wall Street.

This is not to say that there is not a great number of places to slake one's thirst near the Battery. Only one or two, however, come close to qualifying as truly great saloons, and even they cast aside their dignity at night, when it really counts. Why this should be so is a mystery; nevertheless, it is a fact. There are, after all, great American saloons in New York City; there are just none near Wall Street.

The area has perhaps a dozen private clubs, but none is a saloon in any sense of the word. They are, in the main, elegant, but most of their bartenders speak only a kind of Spanish Latvian, and have trouble whipping up anything besides such Street favorites as a glass of white wine, Perrier with a twist of lime, or a bottle of beer, which is invariably Beck's when it is not Heineken. Too, the really toff clubs seem not to stock any but Our Own brand of distilled spirits, the sort of stuff featuring plenty of fake heraldry and portraits of Lord Birdbath. Ask for the Carstairs and you get a blank look. The food is usually swell, however, and on par with the cuisine served aboard ocean liners. But clubs are not saloons.

The typical Wall Street saloon is 15 feet wide, about 110 feet deep, and has a "dance floor" the size of a linen closet. They all have jukeboxes, which only play "Centerfold" by the J. Geils Band, "Come Go With Me" by the Beach Boys, and "At the Hop" by Danny and the Juniors. Some of these places also feature two-man bands on the big nights.



The staffs somehow always feel compelled to speak with Irish brogues of varying degrees of authenticity. Yet it must be admitted that despite the talk the bartenders are the fastest on earth. True, they are usually only asked for a glass of white wine, Perrier with a twist of lime, or a bottle of Bud or Michelob, or even "something with vodka in it," but I have seen them mix such relatively complicated potations as martinis and Bloody Marys with a fair degree of competence. Needless to say, these hale fellows have no time to talk about it, let alone discuss current events, because they are constantly shooting drinks out to a surging, importuning mob of about 5,000.

One of the ingredients of a great saloon is the patrons, and here, certainly, is where these watering holes and the lofty ideal part company.

First, there are the girls—the cleri-

Joe Mysak is a writer living in New Jersey.

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cal help from the banks, brokers, and publishers. They are often not more than 20 years old, and more often are fresh out of high school They all talk with incredible New York accents and dress in what they see as high style, i.e., like whores. They are easily good for two packs of cigarettes, a couple of drags of controlled substances, 15 drinks, and a crush or two apiece before the curtain goes down at midnight or so.

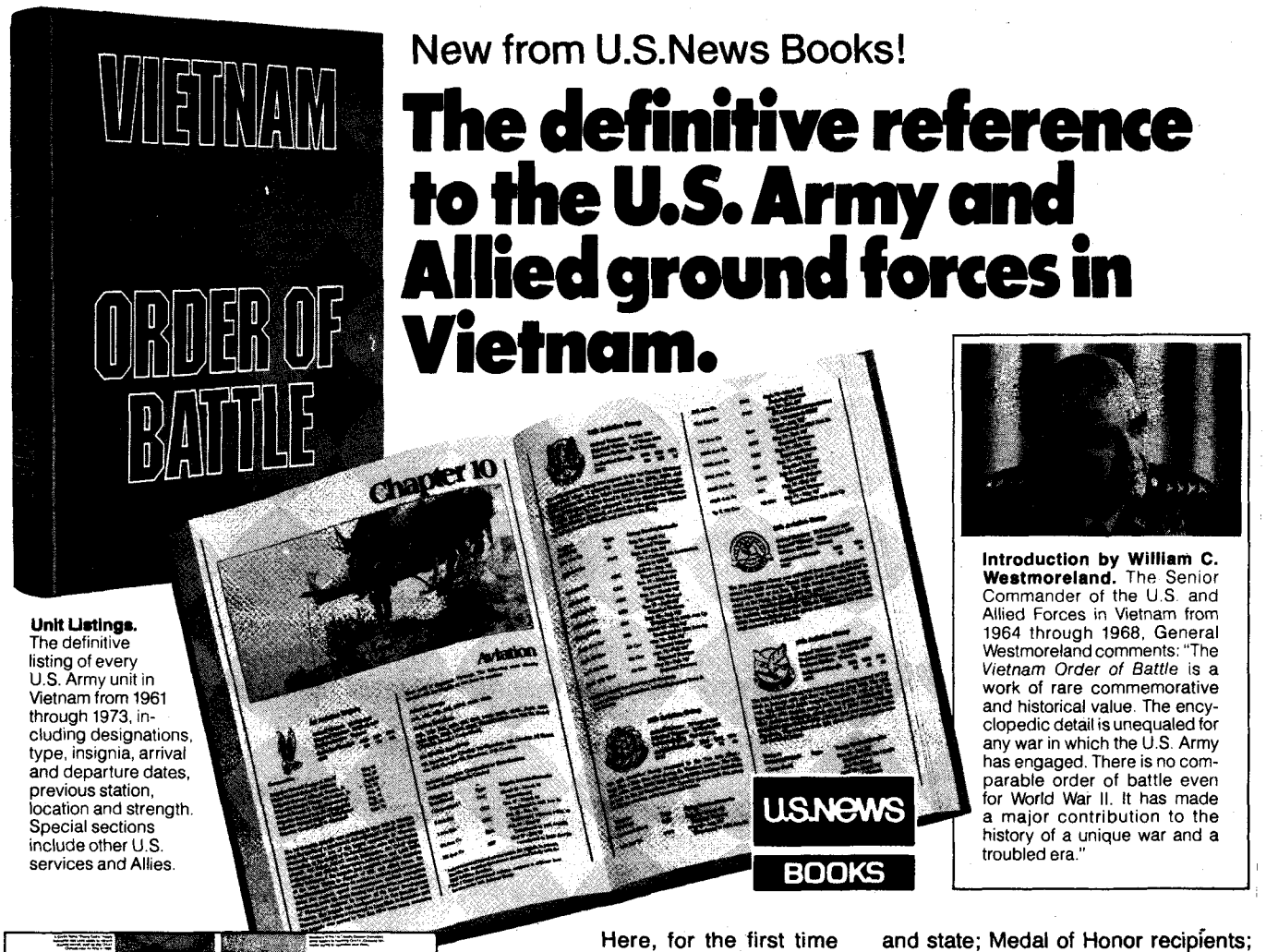
There is usually a battalion of construction workers on hand, as well as the junior executives. These latter are men driven to desperate drinking, men who have spent the day in knots over the latest lease-financing techniques, the surge in M1, the continuing saga of the Washington Public Power Supply System's projects 1, 2, and 3, and unit investment trust volume. In short, these are men who need a drink. Cutting a path to the bar (packed six-deep), choking and blinking back the smog, getting a hole burned in your suit, screaming inaudibly over the band, and finding out you've just seduced a 17-year-old —well, that's just part of the fun.

Such fellows are invariably graduates of the upper East Side prepster saloons favored by pert little coeds named Megan and Courtney, Ivy League athletes, the Top Siders crowd, and winsome Scandinavian students with a tenuous command of the English language. These are men who have gone through years and years and God-knows-how-many dollars' worth of graduate school, and who work from 7 a.m. until 8 or 9 p.m. or later. And these are also men who have found that they cannot go anyplace after work for a beer without a modicum of discomfort or humiliation.

At least a score of such places exist in the Wall Street area. There is Brennan's on Stone Street, and The Bridge Pub. There is Rosie O'Grady's on Pearl Street. On Trinity Place you have the Pig 'N' Whistle, whose redeeming feature is very cold Michelob on tap, served in pints, and Volk's, which has been serving them up in various locations since 1882, but which, unfortunately, lacks any kind of atmosphere besides one or two stray remnants of its past glory—an old beer stein, a *World-Telegram* newspaper clipping.

There are a few exceptions. One is Harry's of Hanover Square, located in the bottom of the India House, a landmark Anglo-Italianate brownstone built in 1852-53, which once housed the Cotton Exchange. The India House was remodeled in 1924 for a businessmen's club, and the upstairs rooms are regularly used for various functions. If you are anybody in the financial community, Harry's is the place to eat lunch, or at least to stop by for a few drinks. Yet Harry's turns into the typical Street madhouse after dark, with the average age of the patrons dropping by a good 20 years.

Which leaves us with Fraunces Tavern, where George Washington said goodbye to his troops. The building, at 54 Pearl Street, is a 1907 reconstruction sponsored by the Sons of the Revolution, but it is nonetheless accurate. It contains a little-known taproom, featuring comfy leather chairs, draped campaign flags, and several stuffed buffalo and moose heads—the whole place has the air of the Explorer's Club, which is further uptown. Nevertheless, it will do very nicely, even though saloons, as a matter of course, are not located in museums. Nor are they normally dynamited, as was Fraunces some years back, by some Puerto Rican nationalists. Imagine! Drinking amidst Chippendale antiques and locks of the Father of Our Country's hair! That it should come to this. Things are not as bad as they seem. They are a great deal worse. □



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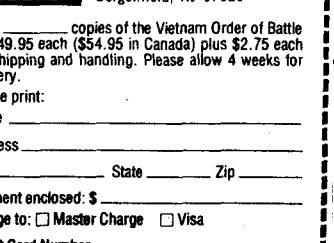

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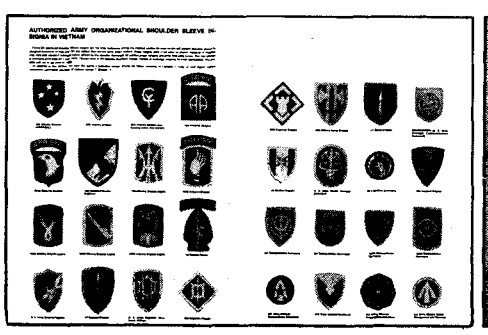

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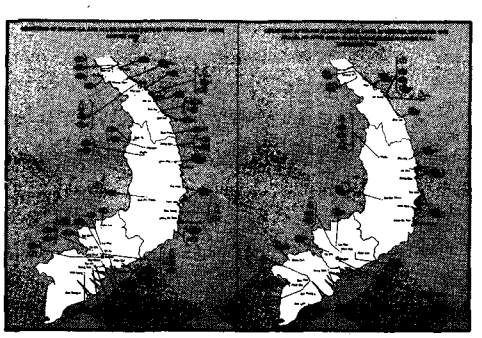

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THE WIMP FROM OUTER SPACE

by Martha Bayles

It is odd that Steven Spielberg's *E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial* should be classed with the current crop of special-effects space movies, because visually it is the opposite. Its predominant images are those of suburban America: housetops, driveways, bicycles, and the cluttered, nestlike innards of children's closets. Such homely intimacy couldn't be further removed from the standard sci-fi fare of black immensities, lurid nebulae swirling with violet gas, and dust storms on alien planets. To walk out of *E.T.* into a suburban shopping mall can be a heady experience, because the film casts a spell that renders both the mall and the people in it peculiarly beautiful. Spielberg's remarkable camera eye is too quirky and original to be merely flattering to its subjects, but flattering it is nonetheless.

Yet *E.T.* also departs thematically from the clichés of space movies. If anything, *E.T.* is the one film this summer which speaks to the audience's understandably human need to withdraw from all the weird, frightening special effects that pass for fantasy in movies lately. For all the talk among critics and reviewers about Spielberg's wild imagination, his view of the world, when he is serious, is actually rather trite: He wants the audience to identify with the little guy against the oppressive weight of technocratic society. As he puts it: "I always thought of the adult world as being symbolized by tall people who cast giant shadows, people who don't think like kids, but think like professionals. That's dangerous—they might understand E.T. biologically and scientifically, but they'd never ever understand that he had a heart."

I would suggest that this point of view poses problems for a filmmaker dealing with a subject such as the arrival of extraterrestrial visitors. An example of this might be the ending of Spielberg's last halfway serious film, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Having brought his little-guy hero and heroine to the edge of the vast NASA encampment where the scientific establishment is waiting for the alien ship to land, Spielberg suddenly finds it impossible to go on. It is simply too late in the film to start drumming up enthusiasm for the visitors—who, after all, are arriving in the full authoritative apparatus of their own colossal ship and elaborate technology. So instead of going ahead with any meaningful encounter, Spielberg resorts to thirty minutes of classical music and rippling candy-colored lights. One or two things happen, but basically the scene just hangs there and pulsates, while a certain segment of the audience provides its own utopian or Saganesque or ecological-ecstatic meaning. To everyone else it is empty, a grand boring bit of illustration.

In *E.T.* this problem is cleverly obviated. The audience can identify with the little guy and love the extraterrestrial, too—because he is even littler. People who are serious about the question of alien intelligence will find *E.T.* silly, for the same reason I find it rather charming. Like *Close Encounters*, it sidesteps its presumed subject. But this time Spielberg finds a substitute which is emotionally appealing, particularly for children. What he does do is go back to the first—I'm tempted to say primal—encounter between the human and the nonhuman. Which is, of course, the one between child and animal.

Reviewers have touched upon this aspect of *E.T.*, making remarks about "a boy and his dog" or "the bond between children and their pets." But the point about E.T. is that he is not a pet but a wild creature—first seen in the woods at the top of a hill, where his fellow extraterrestrials have been forced to abandon him while fleeing human pursuers. Much has been made of the fact that these pursuers are viewed from the waist down, tramping through the underbrush—presumably as a child would see them. But most children do not get chased through the woods by adult men. The angle is really that from which Bambi and every other hunted beast in literature have seen humans in pursuit.

Furthermore, Elliott, the ten-year-old boy who becomes E.T.'s protector, does not tame him so much as lure him indoors and befriend him. Nor does E.T. have the look of something your mother would want you to keep in the house. Half saurian and half simian, he combines the ancientness and otherness of a reptile with the eerily human aspect of a chimpanzee. There is also the unpredictability, the slight edge of danger that distinguishes a wild creature from the family golden retriever. And most important, E.T. longs to go back where he came from.

Praising the film for having a story, most critics have neglected to place the story in its proper line: tales of animals caught between the wilderness and the human world. In American classics such as *The Call of the Wild* and *The Yearling*, the animal protagonists face a choice between renouncing their bond with human beings, or allowing it to destroy them. It is a poignant choice, and E.T. is affecting to the degree that it plays upon that poignancy.

E.T. yearns for his ship, and is having trouble breathing the earth's atmosphere. The efforts of Elliott and his brother and sister to help E.T. are thwarted by the arrival of hundreds of NASA technicians, who transform the house into a nightmarish aseptic environment in which E.T. gasps his last. Spielberg deserves credit for making this death of E.T. thoroughly convincing. Any child who has seen a parent or relative turn ashen grey while hooked up to forbidding hospital machinery, or imagined a contrast between the soothing words of doctors and their terrifying actions, will empathize with Elliott's hysterical panic.

Yet E.T. revives. Whether through Elliott's protestation of love, or because his ship is about to return, he recovers his bright red heartbeat and his healthy, slimy green complexion. From there to the end, the

Martha Bayles is film critic of The American Spectator.

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plot is a simple chase: Elliott, his siblings, and the neighborhood kids conspire to spirit E.T. back to that hilltop whence he came. Since by this time the adult world is in hot pursuit, and death itself has lost its sting, there is no need to dread the pending separation. Even those members of the audience who feel sorry for Elliott because his father has left home will be gratified to see his pretty mother taking up, in these final moments, with the one handsome scientist who understands kids. All in all, the pain of parting has been thoroughly assuaged.

What's more, E.T. chooses this moment to become articulate. Prior to this he has confined himself to a few pragmatic croaks, notably his request for materials to "phone home." Now he points to Elliott's forehead and says, "E.T. stay right here." The line is too obvious—we already know that Elliott will remember E.T. But more to the point, it works against the wild creature mystique, which depends upon a combination of strong emotion and imperfect communication. No previous authoritative statements have come out of that wizened little mouth; and if Spielberg were really clever, he would have kept it that way. None of the reviewers applauding this scene have considered how awful the film would be if E.T. had begun this sort of speechmaking earlier: disporting himself like the all-knowing world salvager the UFO cultists dream about, or liberating us earthlings like one of Robert Heinlein's celestial sex therapists.

E.T. has powers, but they are irrelevant to the point of being inconsistent. He can levitate bicycles, for example—but we are not told why, if he possesses this ability, he doesn't make use of it sooner. Nor is it explained why extraterrestrials capable of interstellar travel would waddle down off their ship to pluck specimen plants by hand, as we see them doing in the opening sequence. Or even if they had a taste for stalking the wild mushroom, why they would do so without weapons or means of communication.

Once again the animal metaphor cuts closest to the truth: These creatures are a flock, a pack, a covey—peacefully browsing in the lovely, misty, nocturnal forest. The fact that they are gathering specimens is not meant to connect them to the brutish humans who want *them* as specimens. When Elliott sets free the frogs in his biology class, we are supposed to identify E.T. with the frog, not the biologist bent on dissection.

E.T. is not without emotional impact, as its wide, enthusiastic audience attests. But most of its power and charm arises from the wild creature theme, and in the end that theme is blunted and denied to the point of sentimentality. Which is too bad, because the rest of the movie is the same old Spielberg. The kids may have a cute line about E.T. representing "higher intelligence," but we all know that's a joke. E.T. is lovable because he is simple. And only the children can save him because they are too young to understand the purposes of adult scientists, dressed like astronauts, crashing through the picture window.

Even *Peter Pan,* to which *E.T.* has been compared, ends with the children realizing that they have to grow up. Not Spielberg. He would encourage us all to stay in Never Never Land, as though innocence were something that could be willed. In spite of the beauty of this film, Spielberg deserves to be criticized for worshipping not innocence but ignorance, and inviting the public to share his cult of the child, and of himself as perpetual child. □

This Woman Needs YOU

She is enduring terrible anguish in our society. From every side, she is being encouraged to negate herself. Incredibly, in the name of "feminism" she is being urged to imitate men! In the name of "equal rights" she is being stripped of the privileges traditionally accorded the fairer sex. Tragically, in the name of "population control" she is being informed that it's OK to slay the flesh of her flesh in her womb. Ironically, in the name of "sexual liberation" she would be made the slave of the despair of one-night-stands.

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THE UNDERCLASS

Ken Auletta / Random House / $17.50

Roger Starr

Ken Auletta, like a multitude of social workers and political practitioners, believes that fallen souls can be rescued for useful work and constructive citizenship by sensitive institutions run by humane, though superficially stern, guardians. Perhaps this assumption derives from religion, but religion is rife also in societies that regard sinners as damned. It seems more likely that the movies are responsible for its acceptance in America. Over the years, I have sat in countless darkened theaters watching ramshackle groups of juvenile delinquents or simple naughty boys turned into upright pillars of society by Father Flanagan, Knute Rockne, drill sergeants, and other minor authority figures in a long string of Boys' Towns, military camps, naval vessels, and football locker rooms. There were some failures, of course, but clever writers arranged to have them killed off in moments of transitory heroism they couldn't be expected to sustain.

Whether or not Mr. Auletta saw the same movies, his newest book, *The Underclass,* chronicles his search for an institution that will do in real life what Pat O'Brien was able to accomplish every 70 minutes in a theater. So sure is he that the miracle of redemption can be duplicated in real life that he tells America that it would be perilous to stint the resources needed to bring it about. The existence of so large an underclass is, according to Auletta, reasonable cause for a feeling of shame on the part of all Americans.

Although the commentators on the underclass, whom Auletta quotes at length in the interstices of his description of specific efforts to turn the class from its ways, rarely agree in their explanations of its behavior patterns, it is clear that Auletta himself and most of the commentators ascribe the growth of the underclass to a certain unspecified harshness or indifference on the part of other Americans and American institutions. None suggests that the underclass growth, and the increasing dangers perceived on the streets of American cities, reflect not harshness or indifference, but the contrary. None suggests that there may, in fact, be no cure for the dangers of the underclass except a return to the harsh conditions which accompanied the rise of moral order in other periods, such as eighteenth-century London, when it was under serious attack.

Perhaps the underclass has grown not because American authority has been unfeeling and mean, but rather because American authority figures have been undermined, weakening the process by which most rural migrants came to conform, more or less, to the norms of urban and industrial life. Perhaps it is not the harshness with which the poor are treated today that has created a criminal class of those unable to earn a decent living honestly, but rather the perfections of public health and the government assumption on a very large scale of what had been private charity that kept alive the disorganized human failures. They might otherwise have been cruelly and inevitably wiped out, as so many like them were only 80 years ago. In New York City in 1900, for example, when life expectancy at birth was about 30 years less than it is now, the diseases that flourished in dirt and poverty and overcrowding—tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia, and even yellow fever—accounted for two of every five deaths. Today, contagious diseases account for much less than one in every 15 deaths. It doesn't take a Darwinian theory of social development to make plausible the conjecture that the death rate struck most remorselessly at those members of the population who took the least care of themselves and lived under the worst, most primitive urban conditions, the almost entirely white members of the 1900 underclass.

Unilluminated by any significant historical insights, Auletta's account seems based on the theory that the seven deadly sins were not only an American invention, but a recent one. From this perspective it seems only natural to think they will be cured by an American gadget. Auletta's gadget is the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation, a nonprofit agency whose start-up money came from private foundations. When Auletta observed its work, it was funded entirely, or almost so, by the federal government.

To study the underclass, Auletta observes the research corporation and one of its dependent affiliates, Wildcat Skills Training Center. The reclamation "gadget" is "supported" work—never precisely defined but apparently signifying what was formerly and less politely called "make-work"—and a certain amount of training by new-style authority figures to whom the underclass people are, in the chilling jargon of the day, expected to be able to "relate."

Mr. Auletta examines a class of students of Basic Typing conducted by the Wildcat center. The class, starting with 22 members, was held in a very cold building in Manhattan —the coldness and discomfort of the building formed a constant basis of complaint by the enrollees. They were qualified for admission by virtue of promise shown in their stint of "supported" work run by Wildcat. In the end, the results seem quite discouraging. Four students join the course as it continues, making a total of 26 starters, all of them paid while they take the course. Ten completed it. Nobody can tell how many actually found jobs, and, of those who did, how many stayed how long in them. The movies did it better.

The movies also made the process more interesting. Auletta's literary device—concentration on a class of 22 or so members at any one time—crowds the screen so that individuals cannot be identified. Actually, there's little enough to identify them by, and they'd be hard to distinguish even if they were not so crowded. They were admitted to Wildcat's supported work because they had been in prison, or were addicted, or had been on welfare for a long time. Each participant tells his story at one point or another in Auletta's account. They merge into each other, a catalogue of the discouragement caused by one or more bad turns of fortune, an addiction to blot out memory, and a long sequence of disastrous consequences. In addition to other similarities, their stories have one characteristic in common above all others: They are boring, excruciatingly boring. Auletta tells us that the class members are "humorous, curious, compassionate, vulnerable, and wise." His book hardly justifies this conclusion.

Roger Starr is a member of the New York Times *Editorial Board.*

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The part of the course in Basic Typing to which Auletta gives most attention is the six hours each week devoted to teaching Life Skills. The reformed addict who leads the instruction seeks to help the disorganized enrollees get their looking-for-a-job act together. Their personal inadequacies are revealed in a particularly cruel light when they are asked to stand before their peers and explain the drawings they have made to illustrate their own lives. They make life seem so difficult that it is no longer their failure that requires explanation, but rather anyone's success.

The tedium of the class in Basic Typing is obvious to the author as well as his readers, and so he takes us on two types of field trips. One is geographical, leading us first to Appalachia and then to the deep South, where we again have the opportunity to encounter other members of the underclass, rural variety in this case.

Auletta's second set of side trips takes the reader to the writings of sociologists and other thinkers about the reasons for the existence of the underclass, and what's to be done about it. Our author divides the chorus of intellectuals into two voices, liberals who believe that society is to blame for the existence of an underclass, and conservatives who believe the underclass is to blame for its own existence.

I, for one, find the discussion irrelevant, based as it is on a pair of obvious misconceptions. It is less important to blame someone or something for the existence of an underclass of people who cannot organize their lives than to examine what social conditions and moral imperatives lead to order. There have been underclasses in all Western societies, and I use the limiting term "Western" because I know too little of other societies to judge the extent of deviant behavior. The very notion of a society implies the need of social order. That, as many have pointed out for the past 2,500 years, implies that certain norms of human behavior will necessarily be imposed on the natural impulses of the species. Few find public norms totally acceptable; some surely find them totally unacceptable. Auletta refuses to romanticize the underclass as happily free from the horrid inhibitions that keep the rest of us from punching our mothers when they request us to hang up our pyjamas, or to stop shooting up heroin in the bathroom when others are waiting to use it. Too many people, tiring of the self-discipline required to conform with any set of behavioral standards, look with longing at the underclass and begin to ape its license in the name of liberty.

What's new about today's underclass is not its existence but its numbers. If "blame" there must be, it should be directed at the effective and honorably motivated public health engineers who prevented the underclass from being wiped out, as was almost always its fate in past centuries, by the diseases of poverty and disorganization: In the last hundred years that meant the diseases that disproportionately afflicted the underclass and kept its numbers down to manageable proportions. No one is suggesting that these diseases be reintroduced, a loathsome prospect, not only on moral grounds but also because bacteria, unfamiliar with class distinctions, will always manage to weed out wealthy and productive citizens as well (and prod the medical profession and its benefactors into miraculous discoveries). As an example, in New York City, in 1900, 9,400 people died of tuberculosis; in 1978, 188 died in the same city with a larger population. Fatal accidents outside the home dropped from 3,521 to 623. Homicides, on the

Is Lower Back Pain Making You An On-Again, Off-Again Cripple?

by Eugene Griffin

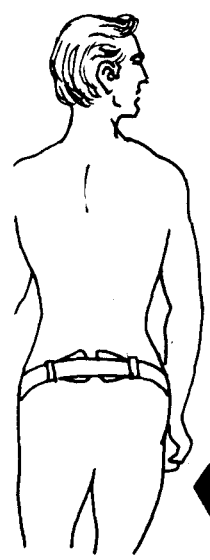
Read how one man freed himself from this crippling pain.

It happened aboard a Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt, Germany where I was going for a business meeting. The plane hit an air pocket and suddenly my back "went out."
If you've ever suffered from lower back pain, you know what this can mean. In my case, the stewardess *had to lead me off the plane* when we landed. "This is the first time this has happened?" she asked. When I told her no, she said:

"Oh, then you should have a Prosana Belt."
She then told me she had lower back trouble, too, and without the Prosana Belt, she didn't think she could hold her job. "It practically saved my life!" she went on.
I'll be sure to get one, I told her. But what I was really thinking was how could a belt that helped her—a woman about 110 pounds—help a slightly overweight guy of six feet like me? Besides, I thought, I've tried practically everything short of an operation. So I went to my hotel room, took a hot bath, several aspirin and laid down for the night hoping for the best.

Couldn't get out of bed
The next morning the pain was worse than I could ever remember. *I had to roll out of bed onto my knees and crawl to a doorknob to get to my feet.* Again, I took a hot bath and some aspirin, but again, it didn't do much good. If I had been back home, I would have called and canceled the meeting. But here I was in Germany and scheduled for a meeting with five other businessmen *I* had set up. So there was nothing I could do but go through with it.

Lunch Included, Too!
The pain must have been apparent the moment I walked into the room because the first man I met smiled sympathetically and said, "You look like your back is bothering you." It is, I answered. "Haven't you heard of the Prosana Belt? he asked. I nodded yes. "And you don't *have* one?" he persisted. No, I said, continuing around the room, anxious only to get the meeting over with and go back home.
After the meeting, the man who asked me about the Prosana Belt suggested I join him for lunch. Since he was the key man on the deal, I accepted. But instead of driving me to the restaurant, he took me first to a surgical supply store where he bought me a Prosana Belt. I had no other choice but to put it on right there, though all I could think of after thanking him was to say, Is that it?
"That's it," he replied. " Now let us take a little walk to a nearby restaurant I know you'll enjoy."



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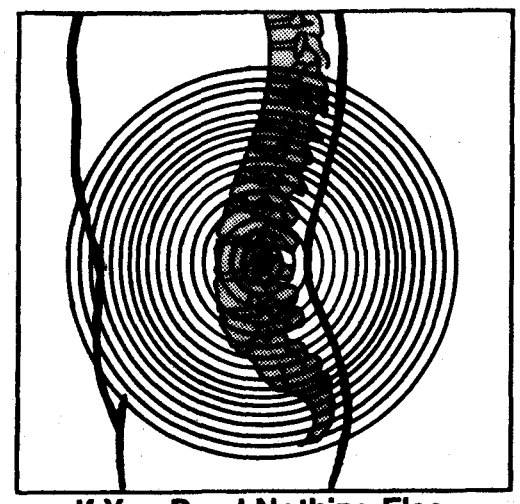
The Most Amazing Walk Of My Life
If I had known the "little walk" was going to take almost a half hour, I never would have gone—business deal or no. But that was all part of his plan! Because by the time we reached the restaurant, *my pain was gone!* I even reached down and touched my shoelaces just to see if I wasn't imagining things. I can't believe it, I said. It's like a miracle. "Yes, I know," he answered, "I said the same thing when I first wore the Prosana Belt. Occasionally," he added, "I still say it, although any troublesome condition or pain that persists should be brought to the attention of your doctor."

Tested & Proved In Hospitals
Over lunch my friend proceeded to tell me about the Prosana Belt. How it was invented by a doctor, tested and proved in hospitals and clinics; even on people so crippled with lower back pain, they had to wear steel braces! How it was, and is, used throughout Europe by tennis champions, Olympic bobsled medalists, soccer players—by all kinds of people who are constantly putting incredible strains and stresses on their backs. In fact, he concluded, its effectiveness has been so proven, *its purchase is included under Germany's national health coverage plan.*

Save $14.00! Special Free Trial Offer!
When I returned home, I told all my friends with bad backs about this marvelous belt. But when they tried to buy one, they found no one in the United States had even heard of it! So, I called my friend in Germany (incidentally, I got that order) and told him I'd like to import some Prosana Belts. He told me the cost of one *in Germany* was $44.00 in American money. Since I would have shipping costs, taxes, handling and so forth, I decided to see if I could make a special bulk importing deal with the manufacturer. And, I'm happy to add, I was able to. Yes, you can now try the Prosana Belt for only $29.95—$14.00 less than what you would pay in Germany. What's more...

You Can Prove Its Effectiveness To Yourself Risk-Free For 30 Days!
If you suffer lower back pain like me, you've probably tried every "cure" there is and so you're probably skeptical. Which is why I'm making this iron-clad, no-risk guarantee: If you're not convinced that the Prosana Belt relieves your lower back pain fast...that it works where other methods and devices have failed...that it lets you bend over, garden, do household chores, even play sports *pain-free*, I'll return your money *in full.*



If You Read Nothing Else Read This Doctor's Report:

"I've turned from my initial skepticism, indeed rejection of the Prosana belt, to an eager proponent of it. I now have checked more than 40 cases from my practice and after studying a file with more than 100 statements, I have no doubts about the effectiveness of the belt."
Dr. Ludwig Hecht

HERE'S WHAT USERS SAY:

"I have been suffering from lower back pain for years. Nothing helped, not even a steel corset. After wearing the belt, I am freed from the pain and it has never come back."
Mr. H. Kilian, Olympic Medalist & 3-Time World Bobsled Champion

"I suffered from severe back pain caused by tennis, and since I did not want to take any medication, I have begun to wear your belt. It is hard to believe how quickly I have got rid of my back pain."
Mr. D. Sturdza, Swiss Tennis Champion

"Often I could tolerate the pain only with strong medication. The Prosana Belt has freed me from taking pills."
Mrs. F. Polenz, Housewife

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other hand, rose from 143 to 1,582.

Something happens, moreover, to public perception of the value of human life when so many of the diseases of poverty, youth, and crowdedness are eliminated. As life expectancy increases, death itself appears an avoidable accident. Every life, therefore, is deemed to have a natural value that grows with every passing year. Governmental regulatory agencies and juries in negligence and malpractice cases try to express the rise in dollars. American politics expresses the added value of life by adopting programs for environmental and accident control that place an immense value on each life saved, irrespective of the old common law test of earning capacity. Surely the impulse to keep everyone alive as long as possible includes strains of nobility and may indeed be connected to important human values. Hobbes has best described a society that does not give expression to charitable impulses when it can afford them. A considerable part of the present largesse extended to those who do not work, however, flows not from the charitable impulse to help them, but rather from the fear that if the more affluent (and self-disciplined) members of society do not help their disorganized brethren, the brethren will assault them ever more viciously on the street. That is not charity, a noble impulse; it's fear, less so.

The morality of public concern with the problems of the underclass are much less simple than the discussion in Auletta's book would lead one to believe. To what extent is a society obligated to the principles of charity when the same investment of resources in the exceptionally talented people might benefit society as a whole significantly more? To what extent should the elites in a society undermine minor and imperfect authority figures—police, teachers, clergy, politicians, business people, even landlords—in the name of a "higher morality," only to encourage those with frailer self-discipline to flout the rules? Every one of these figures played a part in the transition of the new urbanite to the habits of the city and its industries—leading them to understand a cash economy, the rule of the clock, the requirements of cleanliness. The relaxation of standards, for fear they may be applied arbitrarily, hurts none in the society more than poor, working citizens who must, for example, bear the consequences in public housing projects.

This problem was elucidated much more clearly (and succinctly) 25 years ago in a small pamphlet written by Elizabeth Wood, a social worker who became the executive director of the Chicago Housing Authority. Her work, "Public Housing and Mrs. McGee," deals with the devastating consequences for public housing projects of the admission of multi-problem families, another term for the underclass. Miss Wood wrote:

> . . . when I was a caseworker in Chicago, I [had to] strip . . . my caseload of 220 to 125. . . . I went over my caseload with my supervisor and said "This family is hopeless—let's send it to County" (Cook County Bureau of Public Affairs). The principle was simple. We were now to be caseworkers, so we could keep families we felt we could help.
>
> I remember well bundling up the McGee case—three huge volumes, the record of three years of casework, of trying to cope with the multitudinous problems of the family—drunkenness, criminal behavior, epilepsy, illegitimacy, malnutrition, etc. The family had been visited at least once a month. Patiently and faithfully we got them to clinic, gave them friendly advice, sent the children to camp, took them to the Art Institute, used our full kit of social work tools to try to bring them to orderly behavior. At the end of a three-year period, they weren't a whit better than when we began. . . .
>
> I have been reading the public welfare records on the problem families living in

A Simplified Income Tax

Imagine an income tax so simple and straightforward that all you do is add up your income for the year and send a modest percentage of it to Uncle Sam. No deductions. No shelters. No loopholes. The same rate would apply to all, across the board.

The idea of a flat-rate tax has been around for years. Today it's bubbling up afresh in the mounting frustration over budget deficits and the nation's economic troubles, along with public disaffection with the existing tax system.

The flat tax has supporters in both parties and across the political spectrum. Several bills on it have been introduced in Congress. The tax rates being discussed generally range below 25%. The top rate is now 50%.

Advocates see the flat tax as a way to stimulate productive enterprise and steer the economy back on a growth path. The idea is that people would be encouraged to work harder, take greater risks, and invest and save more because they'd be able to keep more of what they earned. No longer would they be taxed at ever-higher rates as their income rose.

In addition, proponents say, there would be more equity in the tax system. All would pay their fair share. Shelters and loopholes would be done away with. Cheating through fraudulent deductions would be eliminated.

In pure form, a flat tax would have no exemptions or deductions. But purity would have to give way to practicality. There should be an element of progressiveness: higher rates for higher income earners.

Most current discussion centers on providing for a base of exempt income. The exemption, for example, could be the first $10,000 of income. With a flat rate of 10%, someone with an income of $20,000 would pay a tax of $1,000. The effective rate would be 5%. A person with $100,000 in income would pay a tax of $9,000, or an effective rate of 9%.

Greater progressivity could be achieved through a tax of two or three tiers. One proposal calls for no tax on income below $17,500, a rate of 18% on incomes from $17,500 to $50,000, and 25% above $50,000.

Numerous options are being discussed. One is to have no income exempted from taxation. Instead, each person would get a $250 tax credit. For a family of four, total credit of $1,000 would be equivalent to an exemption of $10,000, given a 10% rate.

Arriving at a simple flat tax would be anything but simple. State and local governments depend on their ability to issue tax-free bonds. Institutions, organizations, and causes of all sorts need contributions that are now tax-deductible. Homeowners cherish the deductibility of their mortgage interest. All these things would have to be worked out carefully.

A streamlined tax has considerable appeal in its potential for simplicity, fairness, and revenue-raising effectiveness. It's an idea that merits full scrutiny and debate.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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a New York City Housing Authority project and, you, my dear brothers, are getting the McGees. Do you wonder that you are baffled? The families have baffled far better caseworkers for years and years.

The time, effort, ingenuity, dedication, and generosity that impel government and the foundations to establish programs such as Basic Typing with Life Skills Training are remarkable. But the success rate is not. So far, at least, hunger and cold have been far more effective in moving the underclass to social usefulness. They have remorselessly (and sometimes inaccurately) kept its numbers under control. But the idea of continuing to deprive the hungry of food and the cold of heat when an abundant society can satisfy these needs is repulsive, at least to people who have passed their early acquisitive phase. As a society ages and its leaders (and more particularly their children), safe from economic pressures, begin to worry about their scores on a compassion test, the spurs that moved the survivors of the underclass of previous generations are dulled. It is hard to believe that Life Skills Training does as much to stimulate the progress of the students of Basic Typing as the fear that they might really go hungry. And so, in the long run, much more rigid and unforgiving patterns of social control —more police, more prisons, more asylums—may be the only choice left to a society that by its very compassion has seen the underclass enlarged until it seems likely to endanger the safety of everyone else. It is a grim and ironic matter that the intrinsic characteristics of an aging, increasingly compassionate society make inevitable the spread of social disturbance that can only be kept in check by measures that affront that same compassionate urge. □

A BETTER CLASS OF PERSON: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
John Osborne / E.P. Dutton / $13.75

Herb Greer

It all seems very Jurassic now, that fifties fuss about the Angry Young Men (some of whom were over forty). A few legends of the period linger on in the mythology of the arts, including the belief that in 1956 *Look Back in Anger* burst like a left-wing nova inside the British theatre and blew it apart. John Osborne, with his harsh new work, was touted as the harbinger for a tough working-class invasion of British culture's bourgeois tea-party. His play's rage, eloquence, and proletarian energy was supposed to have "revitalized" a parochial, effete, and exhausted tradition ruled then by the Coward-Rattigan anyone-for-tennis school of dramaturgy. Osborne's protagonist, we were (and still are) told, uttered a "call to arms" for a younger generation who were "bored, and had little opportunity for achievement."

John Osborne's first volume of autobiography stops at the point where this *soi-disant* revolution begins—advisedly so, because almost the whole of the myth is pure rubbish. In 1956 about 400 plays were professionally produced in Britain. They included one Rattigan revival and two badly received works by Noël Coward. There were new plays by Graham Greene, Robert Bolt, T.S. Eliot, and Angus Wilson; a number of imports were influential, among them five plays by Bertolt Brecht, of which one was *The Threepenny Opera*. There were also works by Arthur Miller, Camus, and Sartre, plus an adaptation of *The Good Soldier Schweik*; and one extraordinary staging of a work which has held its savor far better than the "angry" shows of the period: *Under Milk Wood* by Dylan Thomas. As a matter of fact *Look Back in Anger* had a mixed reception, and its first run in the spring was quite unremarkable. Part of the legend says that Kenneth Tynan, bucking universal hostility, championed the play and assured its success. What he actually wrote was that it was "likely to remain a minority taste," a view similar to that of several other critics. The play and Osborne became famous during the second run of the production in the autumn of that year—when an excerpt was broadcast on television.

The sight of a scruffy young fellow being sophomorically coarse to everyone around him, snarling at the use of French in the literary columns of the Sunday papers, and making uncivil remarks about his wife's well-to-do parents, seems to have tickled the fancy of London's modish fringe. Jimmy Porter's boorish manners were taken for working-class discontent (the character is petty bourgeois); his Tory nostalgia for good old causes—a middle-aged sentiment at the time—was accepted as the voice of mutinous left-wing youth in principled rebellion against the state of society. Laboring under these gigantic misapprehensions and led at last by Kenneth Tynan, the media and the fashionable took the play and its author to their hearts. With some astute defiance of the Lord Chamberlain (then Britain's censor), and a certain amount of help from literary hustlers like Tom Maschler—now a British publishing executive—the Angry Young Men, the Royal Court Theatre, and especially John Osborne were turned into superbly salable products and topics of chic conversation. One unfortunate side-effect of all this was that gossipy excitement outside the auditorium became more important than theatrical excitement inside, giving cachet to a lot of mediocre work.* That is how a thin, poorly crafted, peevish, and finally mawkish play like *Look Back in Anger* and its author came to be first lionized and then apotheosed.

Osborne rode this wave of enthusiasm with great skill. He published brief accounts of his childhood and its vigorous, cozy family life, and put about the story of how he was expelled from a public (i.e., private) school when a brutal schoolmaster slapped him, "so I slapped him back." He produced more plays which were carefully calculated to outrage, and himself assumed the role of the bad boy of drama. He also laid claim to the working class credentials which had been bestowed on him by the media. During a 1968 *Observer* interview with Tynan, this proletarian hero of the arts remarked in passing: "The working class isn't what it was when I got the hell out of it. . . ." This was one more nod to Britain's special form of radical chic, which had sprouted in the fifties. Its first article of faith was that every new hope for society, for politics, for literature, art, and the theatre, lay in the surging and thrusting vitality of an unspoiled working-class youth, held down in previous generations by a selfish and oppressive Establishment. Osborne and his fellow Angries were supposed to have cast off these chains of bondage.

As it happened, very few of the era's younger generation went to the theatre in London or anywhere else, and almost none of those who did were working class. Genuine "proles" (as the radical chic liked to call them) preferred the excitements of soccer, rugby, the cinema, and the pub. They found ample opportunity for "achievement" in the new challenges of a burgeoning consumer society, and in the peculiarly destructive British form of militant trade unionism. Not the Humiliation of Suez, not the Lost Empire, not the "good old causes," but plain old-fashioned getting and spending were the under-thirties orders of the day. Those who trooped down to Sloane Square to see *Look Back in Anger* were, as the saying goes, A Better Class of Person: the middle-class trendy fringe or those who aspired to join it.

Osborne, as one of the icons of the postwar British theatre, is now respected less in his own country than in the rest of the world where Western-style plays are staged. Such British admiration as he still enjoys is based mainly on his early work. *Look Back in Anger* and *Inadmissible Evidence* have become set texts for the study of contemporary drama in British schools. The status of these plays as expressions of working-class anger remains as puzzling as ever. As I have already pointed out, Jimmy Porter and his views are unmistakably lower middle-class and Tory. Bill Maitland (the protagonist of *Inadmissible Evidence*) is articulate enough, but a self-pitying, pretentious, and thoroughly bourgeois lawyer. Both of these characters bring to mind an earlier creation of James Thurber, in his story "Something To Say": Elliot Vereker, a pseudo-writer who slopes about being violently rude to his passive friends while bawling prolix and abusive nonsense. Unlike Osborne's heroes he ends up with his head bashed in by a blunt instrument: *autres temps, autres moeurs.*

At the source there is the "working class" writer, Osborne himself. When was it, exactly, that he "got the hell out" of the working class? *A Better Class of Person* provides the definitive answer: He never did, for the very good reason that he was not born into it. His father was a tubercular copywriter, his mother a child of pub-keepers. The family foraged in the 1930s and 1940s on the grotty underside of the British middle class. Those earlier, rather chummy accounts of humble family cheer are

Herb Greer is an American writer and playwright living in Europe.

*In particular the tedious, pretentious, and very over-rated products of Edward Bond.

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nowhere to be found in this narrative. The predominant tone is venomous spite. Childhood and early teenage years are now described as an awful ordeal of meanness, tatty living conditions, and down-at-heel relatives who lack any emotional resource except a raw peevishness, vented first on everything around them and then on each other, expressed in a stream of ghastly clichés:

> . . .all chaos, shouting and tearful rebukes. Their battle cries were: "You've always had it easy". . . "You didn't have to go out to work like I did when I was twelve". . . "You were always Dad's favourite". . . "I've worked hard for everything I've ever had". . .

The incident of the slapping schoolmaster reappears, reminding the reader that Osborne is something of a dramatist. He sets the scene with some of the schoolboys sitting together, listening to Frank Sinatra on the radio. "Eric," annoyed (apparently) by the music and the screaming fans, bursts in, turns off the radio, and glares at the boys. Osborne smirks back at him "with open scorn." Then . . .

> . . .he lunged forward and slapped me very hard across the face. This shocked me, as I had never seen him do anything so unconsidered and spontaneous. I drew back my fist, not a straight gentlemanly left this time, and smashed my wild right into his moustache. He went flying over two trestle tables, which collapsed in a pile at the end of the room. . . . Slowly, dripping blood and cocoa, he rose to his feet, to my infuriated dismay, helped by several boys. He swayed and quivered . . .

This amazing punch, delivered by a weedy teenager, evokes memories of *Jungle Jim, Terry and the Pirates,* or perhaps *Rip Kirby* (the British equivalent of the day was *Dan Dare*). The real historical exchange of slaps seems to have had less to do with "spontaneous" brutality than with the future author's deliberately provocative habit of making sneering remarks about the Royal Family. But this facet of events, which might have introduced an awkward element of ambiguity, is not mentioned in the book.

The scene is interesting, however, because it is untypical of the book in so many ways. It expresses hostility to a male authority figure, for example, and portrays the author as a righteous, if ungentlemanly, sort of chap. Elsewhere, what little respect and affection there is in these pages is focused almost exclusively on men, most of them fairly pallid and wan figures: the tubercular father who died when Osborne was a boy, a raffish uncle, a foul-mouthed Canadian journalist, a homosexual writer who takes a liking to the lonely teenager (but fails to seduce him), and a few others. Osborne himself appears as a tepid, more or less spineless child adrift in an irredeemably shabby family and social environment, thoroughly infected with the corrosive, foul snobbery of the lower middle class. Again and again he implies and sometimes says outright that family, friends, ambiance, or school are simply not good enough for him. The women are the worst part of all this, beginning with his chilly grandmothers and finishing with his adulterous first wife. They starve the boy of affection, ignore him, shuffle him about like a piece of furniture, are beastly to their husbands even when the husbands are dead, and constantly embarrass Osborne with their clumsy or trite handling of the Queen's English. Feminine betrayal comes in every imaginable form except the rather appealing vice of promiscuity.

Oddly enough, the person who comes out worst in the sordid tale is Osborne himself, and he gives the impression that this is deliberate. He makes great play of his supercilious attitude toward others, of his sneakiness and petty moral turpitude, and caps it all with treatment of his mother that borders on the psychopathic. This ripens like a boil during his account of an air raid in which their house suffers a near miss. The son staggers out of his refuge under the stairs to the sound of a scream from his mother, who is in the toilet on the floor above:

> All the doors and windows had been blown out and the ceilings had collapsed. My mother was just visible, frozen to the lavatory seat. She moved forward to the head of the stairs, bent at the knees, like a crazed gymnast, arms outstretched. . . .Her face sagged, powdered and gaping black, her mottled chest heaving with her moans. Her knickers [i.e., panties] were flounced below her knees in a collapsed silky bag. The lost days of summer were recompensed for a few joyous moments as I looked on at the funniest, most enjoyable sight I had ever seen.

That, at least, is the way he tells it now. All these years later, settled and plump with success, he sneers and sneers at the wretched woman, though he tells nothing about her to justify such Orestian loathing. Nellie Beatrice Osborne seems to have done her best for this difficult little boy, though she did irritate and sometimes hurt him with an exuberant and horn-hided vulgarity (taking him to see his father's body, she remarks that the room will have to be "frumigated"); her malice, where it occurs, is petty enough. None of it makes sense of such treatment, and there are passages which contradict the impression of hatred. Osborne admires his mother's real talent for the difficult profession of barmaid (though he does mock her pretension in calling herself a "victualler's assistant"). He has also kept the letters which she wrote and presumably still writes to him. But in this book—to put it bluntly but accurately—he smears her with excrement like a disturbed adolescent: an ugly son by his own account, cruel, ungrateful, ill-bred, vindictive, and so on. The adjectives apply as easily to his casual behavior with other people; the anecdote of choice is the one in which he slips a used condom into a smoked salmon and cream cheese sandwich and then hands this to the lady writer Lynn Reid-Banks.

Here we reach the bottom line, more or less: Osborne is *bragging* about what a literal and figurative son of a bitch he is. Sons of bitches have always been the best-selling line of his stock in trade, just as the center of his talent has been a flair for resentful abuse, driven by a compulsion to *épater les bourgeois*. If the reader can stomach the book's large dose of this he will find an interesting and pretty graphic account of what it was like to inhabit the lower middle-class garbage heap of British society a generation ago, and of the life endured by an aspiring actor/writer in the seedy realm of British repertory theatre in the fifties. The repulsive trimmings, I suspect, have less to do with truth—for what that is worth—than with Osborne's instinct for his market. This has evidently led him to follow (on paper) Oscar Wilde's classic recipe for life as an imitation of art. □

POETS IN THEIR YOUTH: A MEMOIR

Eileen Simpson / Random House / $15.50

Jeffrey Hart

Eileen Simpson was married to the poet John Berryman, who committed suicide in 1971, and this is her memoir not only of Berryman but of an important group of American poets who aspired to greatness during the period beginning around 1940. Apart from the anecdotal information it provides, which is rich, often hilarious, and frequently sad, the central subject of the book is the failure of these writers to achieve greatness, and their own awareness of that fact. Implicit in the narrative is their lethal, literally lethal, disability: The idea of the poet had been defined for them by Eliot and Yeats, and by the authoritative criticism of the period 1930-1960.

In its foreground, this superbly stylish memoir is absolutely gorgeous gossip—the kind of book you pick up and cannot possibly put down, anecdotes about Berryman, of course, but also about Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, Ted Roethke, Dylan Thomas, Delmore Schwartz, R.P. Blackmur, Jean Stafford, and others. There are visits from an older group: T.S. Eliot, Edmund Wilson, Allen Tate. The anecdotes are often ribald. But the story unfolds against a backdrop of tragedy.

About the doomed Delmore Schwartz we have now heard more than we really wanted to hear—from Saul Bellow (*Humboldt's Gift*), James Atlas (*Delmore Schwartz*), and William Barrett (*The Truants*). After an early success based upon a couple of short stories, Schwartz, who had more problems than talent, destroyed himself through booze, drugs, and mania. It is worth noting, however, that the story which earned him early recognition challenged comparison with Yeats. It was called "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities." Yeats, and also Eliot, these were the standards against which such young writers were compelled to measure themselves.

But beyond Schwartz, these young writers marched themselves across a Verdun-like psychic battlefield. Both Berryman and Jarrell committed suicide. Berryman jumped from a bridge and Jarrell threw himself into the path of a truck on a highway. Robert Lowell was frequently committed to mental hospitals, and clearly suffered from the burden of a New England aristocratic and Calvinist ancestry.

Jeffrey Hart is professor of English at Dartmouth College and author, most recently, of When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties.

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Both Dylan Thomas and Richard Blackmur, a brilliant literary critic and good minor poet, drank themselves rapidly into the next world.

Even among writers, this represents high attrition. The late Lionel Trilling used to argue that writers are no crazier than bank presidents, the only difference being that they tell you all about it; but I have my doubts. Eileen Simpson, who is now a psychotherapist, perhaps as a direct result of her marriage to Berryman, thinks Berryman had suicide as a psychic legacy from his suicide father, and no doubt there is truth in that view. But why did all his friends also destroy themselves? Mrs. Simpson's title comes from Wordsworth's great poem "Resolution and Independence":

> We poets in our youth begin in gladness
> But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Wordsworth was pondering the early deaths of Chatterton and Burns, but it is very much to the point that Wordsworth himself lived to be eighty; and even more to the point that Yeats lived to be 74 and T.S. Eliot 77. All of them were tough, intelligent, and very major poets, and during the forties and fifties Eliot and Yeats were at the pinnacle of reputation and influence.

Now John Berryman is a very interesting literary figure, and my own sense is that he remains vastly underrated. His long poem "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet," concerning the seventeenth-century American poet Anne Bradstreet, seems to me a major work. Its intention is to connect America to the English tradition, and in particular to the seventeenth-century English tradition so powerfully evoked by Eliot in both his poetry and criticism. Berryman's poem is a superb piece of writing. But after that, in a surprising metamorphosis, Berryman in his "Dream Songs" wrote in the tradition not of Eliot but of Whitman, structuring his work brilliantly on the pattern of the black minstrel show. I would guess that Berryman's poetry is overdue for reassessment and sustained critical attention.

Berryman, Lowell, and the rest were frequently powerful writers, but in the circumstances in which they worked it was not enough to write very well. The great modernists, Eliot, Yeats, Joyce, Pound, and the rest, were absolutely dominant. They had scored their own triumphs against a weakened Romantic tradition, and, in Pound's phrase, they had *made it new*. But Berryman and his friends had the great modernists looming above them. Of Eliot, writes Donald Hall in *Remembering Poets:* "No one since has embodied, or seemed to embody, such authority." Eliot's authority as a poet was reinforced by his almost frighteningly intelligent literary criticism. The modern poet was the man who wrote, he said, with the culture of Europe in his bones—"from Homer to the present"—and Eliot meant it.

A demand of this sort, and it was made in other terms by Yeats, Pound, and Joyce, made final literary success seem almost out of reach.

The great moderns also used a trick—and I hope the word does not seem irreverent—that eluded Berryman, Lowell, Schwartz, and the others. They employed what might be called the Epic Imagination. Eliot certainly writes about his private struggles, griefs, and triumphs, but he projects it all in Dantean terms, from Prufrockian damnation through *Waste Land* Purgatory and on to salvation and the moment in-and-out-of-time. Yeats wrote of Ireland and Maude Gonne, but played it in world-historical terms: Maude, thus, was also Helen of Troy. The drama became Spenglerian and cosmic. Both Pound and Joyce built upon Homer.

The two best writers in Eileen Simpson's memoir, Berryman and Lowell, did not aspire to—did they even grasp?—the Epic Imagination. Berryman and Lowell can write as well as Eliot or Yeats, but the drama takes place in a limited spiritual context. We hear about their marriages and mistresses, their mothers and fathers, their adventures and their faults, their urges and their drinks, their literary views, and their political views—the latter usually ridiculous. But in comparison with Eliot, Yeats, and the other poetic forebears, it all seems lacking in additional dimension.

In 1976, Lowell published his *Selected Poems,* a bid, I would guess, for a Nobel Prize. He died the same year, not getting it. When you read this volume, representing his entire career, the impression you get is of a major literary talent yet also of an achievement in which the parts are more interesting than the whole.

If the term Lost Generation applies to any group of young writers, it is surely to those described by Eileen Simpson. The towering poetic fathers had placed a virtually unbearable burden upon these sons, and when poetry renewed itself in the sixties, it had to ignore Eliot and Yeats and move in an entirely new direction. □

ON LEARNING TO READ: THE CHILD'S FASCINATION WITH MEANING

Bruno Bettelheim and Karen Zelan / Alfred A. Knopf / $13.95

John R. Turner

When a famous child psychologist, a man with a long list of distinguished titles to his credit, joins with an experienced associate to write on a subject as intrinsically exciting as teaching children to read, the result ought to be a fascinating book. When instead it turns out to be a work saved from dog-dead mediocrity only by the quality of the few ideas it encompasses, one is bound to wonder what went wrong.

The first question concerning a jointly authored book is who really wrote it. In his portion of the preface, Bruno Bettelheim says that he wrote five chapters of *On Learning to Read,* whereas the other eight were "based on the work of the entire staff and were written by both authors."

I wonder.

Although the five for which Bettelheim takes sole responsibility are

John R. Turner is an administrative officer at St. Mary's College of Maryland and author of the column "An Idea of Freedom."

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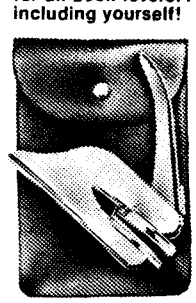

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better than the others, they are so inferior to what readers have come to expect from him one is led to suspect that the enervating hand of educational committeeism has intruded even into the master's private preserve. The truth is that the ideas presented here do not deserve book-length development, but would be better served by a substantial essay, something similar to Bettelheim's recent article in the *New Yorker* about the English translations of Freud, which is as brilliant a piece of periodical literature as one is likely to find.

Perhaps this book is no more than the generous attempt of a renowned thinker to spread some of his fame to a less well-known colleague. If so, we can honor the motive without being overly respectful of the result. After all, one of the shibboleths of educational psychology is that process is more important than product.

On Learning to Read has three major themes. The first, repeated incessantly, tiresomely, tediously, is that the reading teacher ought to engage not just the intellect of the student but rather his whole personality. For theorists of the psychoanalytic persuasion, this means that the student's unconscious response to the text cannot be neglected. The authors wisely caution, however, that elementary schoolteachers have neither the time nor the knowledge to turn reading lessons into psychological forays. All that's required is that the teacher recognize the possibility of unconscious response and acknowledge its legitimacy.

If, for example, a child reads "mild" when the page says "wild," it's probably not that he can't tell the difference between an "m" and a "w," but that he has been frightened by the idea of wildness and has creatively altered the text to make it more comfortable.

The teacher can then demonstrate both respect for accuracy and understanding of what's going on in the child's mind by saying something like, "It would be nice if tigers were mild, wouldn't it?" Whereupon the student will invariably go back and read the line correctly, thus showing that he had recognized the word from the beginning. The reason he can now face up to the wildness is that someone has acknowledged the logic of his fear and his reaction to it, thereby allowing him to integrate it into his conscious personality.

The authors give the impression that most misreadings are of this sort. Maybe. But surely there must be occasions when a child simply doesn't know what a word means? The beleaguered teacher will find little advice from Bettelheim and Zelan about what to do in such instances.

The second thesis is more important and makes the book worthwhile despite its flaws. It is that reading is not merely a matter of decoding words. You cannot teach a child to read by drilling him on word-lists or by pushing him through a series of primers designed sequentially to enhance his word power. One learns to read only by reading, which means coming to grips with meaningful stories. Nothing other than the immediacy of an interesting story will keep a child working at the bewildering array of intellectual tasks required to become a mature reader. It is fatuous to tell a six-year-old that he should persist in his learning so that he can do well in the third grade or get a good job upon graduation from high school. If reading is not its own reward, it will never assume much importance in a person's life.

In one of the rare passages that approaches eloquence, Bettelheim says:

> What is required for a child to be eager to learn to read is not knowledge about reading's practical usefulness, but a fervent belief that being able to read will open him to a world of wonderful experiences, permit him to shed his ignorance, understand the world, and become master of his fate.

And then, just a couple pages later: "There is reason to believe that only those for whom reading was early endowed with some visionary qualities and magic meaning become literate."

I'm convinced that he's right, and that for the child who has a positive attitude toward reading the appropriate simplicity of reading matter becomes relatively unimportant. My daughter Elizabeth, for example, who has just completed the first grade, often tries to read materials written for adults, and though she misses much of what a text says, she usually understands enough to find meaning in it. I have been astounded at what she gets from articles in the *Columbia Encyclopedia,* a book she has begun to consult regularly. My point is not that first-graders should be set to reading encyclopedias, but that when the incentive is sufficient a child will learn more from readings that are excitingly difficult than from empty stories that have nothing to recommend them save a vocabularly designed for his grade level.

We thus come to the third thesis, that the primers, or readers, used in the early grades in American schools are sappy and work mainly to insult the students they are supposed to teach. The evidence the authors adduce seems incontrovertible. For instance, in 1920, the number of words in the first grade reader of the Scott, Foresman series was 425; by 1962, it had shrunk to 153. The readers of other major publishers have shown a similar decline. Most children in the first grade have a vocabulary of about 4,000 words, and they engage in fairly sophisticated conversations at home and on the playground. Yet, when they sit down in their reading groups, they confront a mother who on receiving a gift says, "A clock. A clock for me. This is something I like. This is something I want."

Children know that real mothers don't say dopey things like that, and they can't be expected to take much interest in fictional mothers who do.

My question is not whether the primers are as vapid as Bettelheim and Zelan say they are. From my observation, virtually all textbooks, from kindergarten to graduate school, are insipid and ought to be ditched. Books intended to instruct rather than to express truths their authors find important are flattened by their conception and appeal only to people who don't know what language is.

My reservation concerns the impact the readers have. Bettelheim and Zelan seem to believe that the primers are the main source of a child's learning, and are responsible for the terrible problems some children have in mastering the written word. I wish it were true that our deficiencies in language could be rectified by simply changing a few schoolbooks. But it seems to me that the children's deepest problem is that they are being brought up in a culture hostile to the best uses of language. Not only are they hampered by television and by parents who rush around too much to take the time to sit down and read to them, they are taught by people who cannot imagine the necessary unity of form and substance in genuine literature.

This book is a sad example of my point. It tries to defend the magic of reading in a turgid, repetitious prose redolent of the green walls of ed-psych labs. It is co-authored by a woman whose dissertation was titled "Facilitation of Conservation in Atypical Learners."

What are we to do when the experts on reading don't know what language and literature are? But, then, I don't guess the experts ever know.

However, I can't end this review on a disparaging note. My admiration for Bruno Bettelheim is too great. He

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has been a notable champion of freedom in an age when it has been fearfully assaulted by the forces of mass culture. With such works as *The Informed Heart, The Uses of Enchantment,* and the above-mentioned essay of Freud, he has earned the gratitude of those who, to use the terminology of one of his earlier writings, are determined to develop their consciousness of freedom.

I hope readers will remember him for his nobler books and pass over this misfire quickly, recalling it only for the good thoughts it so inadequately espouses. □

TAKING CARE OF THE LAW
Griffin B. Bell, with Ronald J. Ostrow
William Morrow and Co. / $13.50

Eugene H. Methvin

In 1976 a virtual unknown whose unlikely qualification was one term as governor of Georgia swept through the presidential caucuses and primaries to capture the Democratic nomination and the White House. Sounding loud anti-Washington themes, Jimmy Carter annihilated every rival from his party's congressional ranks and promised a revolution among the power pyramids along the Potomac. Whatever other verdict history delivers upon Carter, nothing can detract from that glittering achievement as the epic "long march" of American political history.

Four years later, Carter became the first elected incumbent to lose the White House since the Depression-ambushed Hoover. In Carter's last year the prime interest rate exceeded the President's popularity, which sank even lower in the polls than Nixon's at the time of his resignation and almost bumped into the inflation rate on the way down.

Now comes the second (after Joseph Califano's) of the Carter Administration memoirs, *Taking Care of the Law,* by former Attorney General Griffin B. Bell. Like a hard-nosed prosecutor, Bell walks straight into the ring and hits 'em in the snoot with a first chapter entitled "What Went Wrong." In the process, Bell reveals himself to be a conservative idealist who wandered for three years in the Potomac swamplands with a bevy of pragmatists, leftists, and careerists—and he now sounds like an angry but wiser Amos come out of the wilderness. Indeed, he almost sounds like a rip-roaring Reaganite. Just listen:

Carter was ambushed by a "McGovern-Kennedy-Nader government-in-waiting . . . people permanently entrenched in Washington," whom he "installed in the middle-level posts at the White House and some cabinet departments," says Bell. (We are not told why.) "It is my thesis that a bureaucracy out of control was a chief contributor to President Carter's failure to govern as the people would have preferred," he declares.

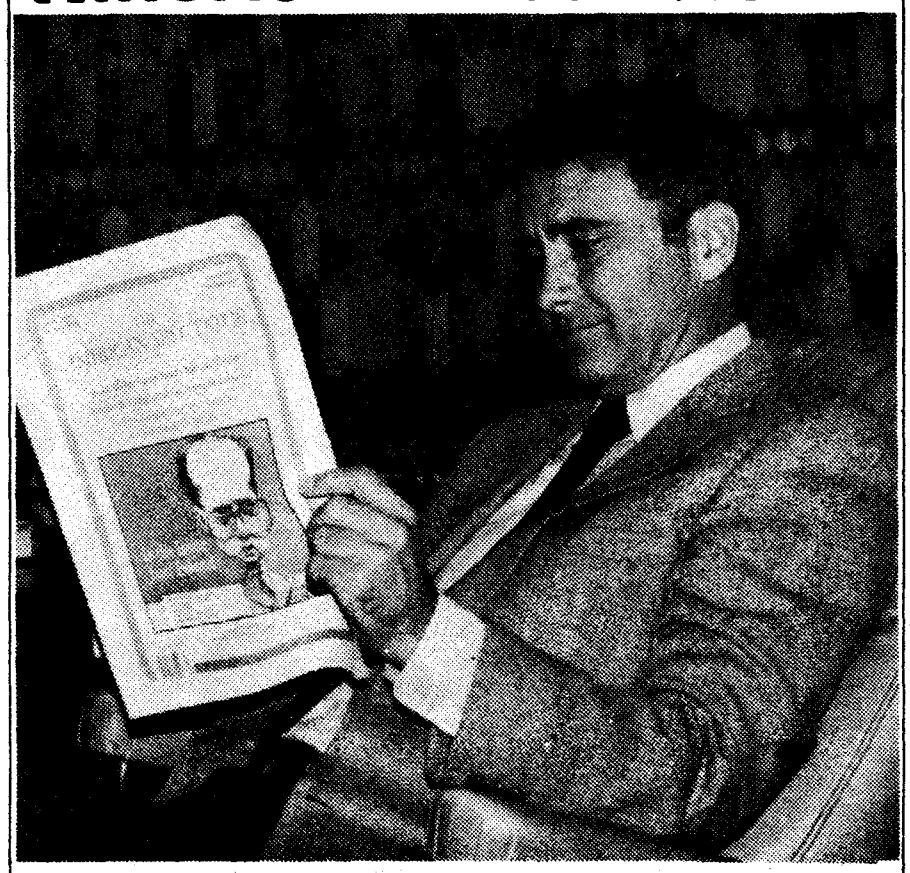
To the White House's four major power centers—the Domestic Policy Staff, Office of Management and Budget, the Counsellor to the President, and National Security Council—Carter added a fifth: the Mondale Vice Presidential office and staff. Their intramural vying, Bell says, "did contribute to the appearance of vacillating, indecisive leadership." Note that verb: *contribute.* Bell gingerly refrains from saying that the ringmaster failed to crack the whip, for it is clear he maintains affection and admiration for Carter despite bruises and disappointment.

Nonetheless, Bell's ultimate judgment must be regarded as harsh: Carter failed at governing because the very character of exquisitely sensitive political pragmatist and symbolist that carried him to campaign victory rendered him incapable of steadfast and inspiring leadership as chief executive. "In the end, it was kowtowing to single interest groups to hold their loyalty for the next election that prevented him from appearing to have a coherent Presidency," Bell concludes.

I remember how dumbfounded I was at the Democratic National Convention in July 1976 in New York when Carter announced his choice of Mondale as veep. How could a man who had won the nomination by defeating the Democratic/Washington

Eugene H. Methvin works in Washington D.C. as a senior editor of Reader's Digest.

Who reads The American Spectator?



George C. Roche, President, Hillsdale College

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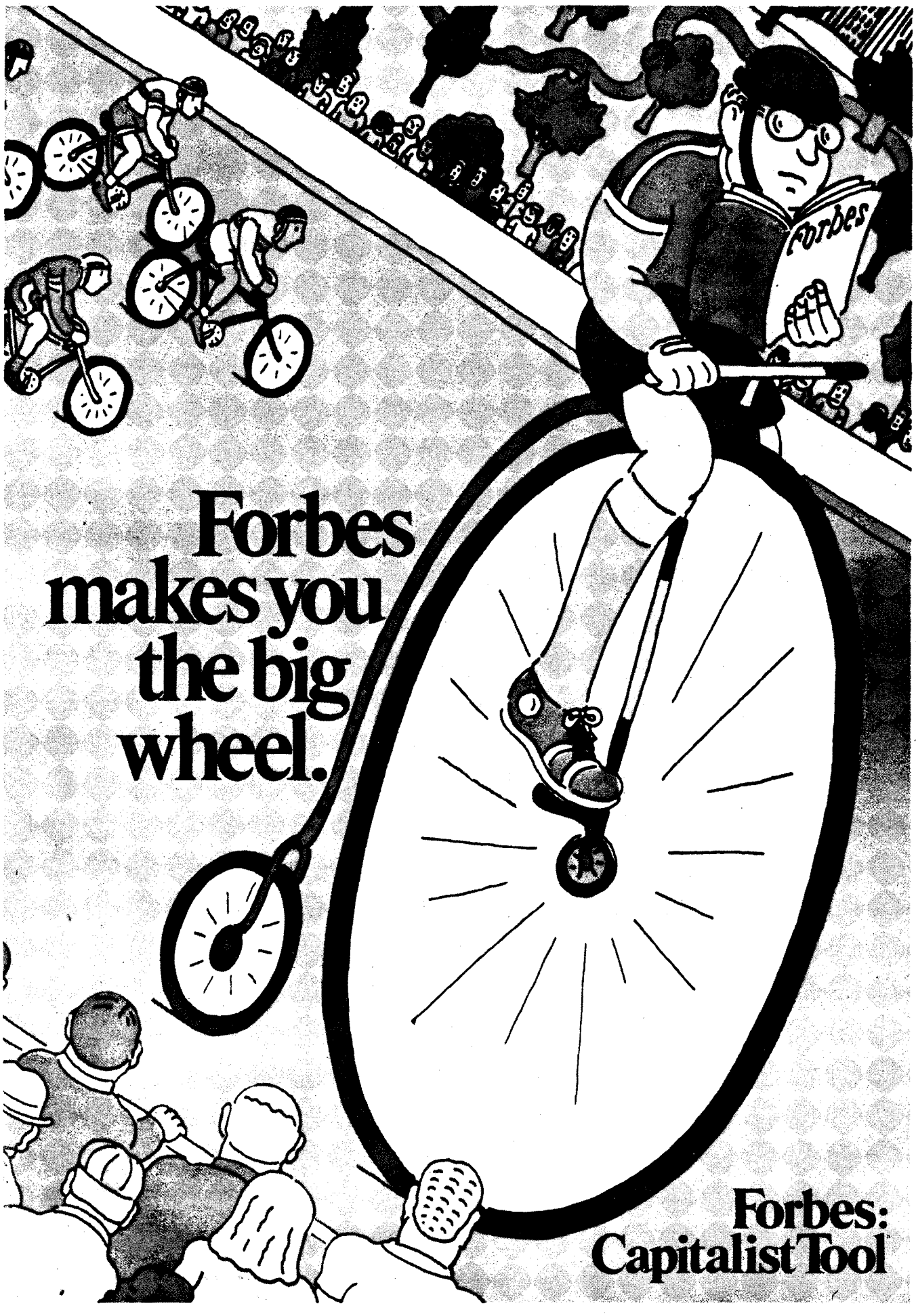
Establishment in the primaries with a conservative anti-Washington appeal choose this Hubert Humphrey acolyte? My dismay grew as Carter kicked off his campaign at Warm Springs, Ga., with a speech suited perfectly for 1936 FDR New Deal "lunch pail" politics—at a time when most Americans had quit carrying lunch pails and were worrying about crabgrass, high taxes, and Big Government. In victory, Carter embraced the Establishment he had run against. It almost cost him the 1976 election; his poll lead of 14 points on Labor Day shrank to less than one percent on election day.

Bell details and decries the devastating effects of the Carter-Mondale-liberal embrace. But he does not really explain it. At one point he comes close to doing so, when he describes his efforts to carry out Carter's order for a formal crime message to Congress in 1978. The speech was never made. "Sending crime memos to the President was like sending something to sea in a bottle. You were lucky ever to see them again," says Bell.

The reason: The White House's competing groups, including the Mondale clique, had horripilations over doing anything they thought might hurt politically. That meant "to avoid upsetting anyone on the ultra left—the 5 or 10 per cent of the people who are on the far left—instead of making a decision that would suit middle America, the people who suffer from crime. . . . You can't run the country for that small fringe. That is where the Carter group went wrong, trying to be all things to all people."



Beyond the painful judgments on his own patron and associates, Bell pronounces a broad condemnation on the U.S. government today. His three major themes are overregulation, too much law, and the permanent bureaucracy in Washington—the "Big Government" battle cries that elected Ronald Reagan:

> It would be difficult to overstate how serious a problem excessive government has become for our people. . . . We are regulating ourselves to death. . . . There is too much law abroad in the land, we are relying too heavily on our legal system to handle our problems. . . . We must return to government by directly accountable public officials—local, state and federal. . . . This ever-growing bureaucracy is more than a painful nuisance. It is prescription for societal suicide.

Indeed, the oppression of Big Government moves this grandson of Confederate subversives to the hyperbolic height of comparing the federal bureaucracy to the Union military occupation during Reconstruction. A Georgia Cracker hath no greater scorn.

Bell cites his alma mater, a small Baptist university in Georgia with fewer than 3,000 students, which had to spend close to $250,000 yearly to complete government-required reports. "Bureaucracies would run out of things to do if they didn't have forms to be completed and processed. It's forms and regulations that keep people on the payroll," he notes. One Iowa small businessman asked IRS how to fill out a required form and got 15 government booklets in response. And after the Consumer Products Safety Commission classified auto batteries as a "household item," a car manufacturer had to attach a label to batteries in its cars warning customers not to drink the contents.

Bell puts the blame for Big Government squarely on Congress, whose subcommittees constitute "baronies or protectorates" that gain power over the people by the size of the bureaucracies and shape of the regulations they oversee. When victimized citizens come as supplicants, the barons can then grant them relief and "assure the Congressmen of some

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indebted voters." Bell details his thwarted attempt to kill the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which poured federal dollars into Newark, home of House Judiciary Chairman Peter Rodino, and to move some Treasury Department law enforcement units to Justice.

To help cure the regulatory mess, Bell endorses Sen. Dale Bumpers's proposal to require the government to prove the validity of a regulation in court if a victimized citizen protests. The "regulatee" would thus be presumed innocent, and the regulator guilty, in a simple shift of the burden of evidence as it now exists in regulatory law. Bell tried to get the Carter Administration to adopt Bumpers's idea, but in vain. Again, he does not explain why. We must guess the Carter political aides did not want to offend Capitol Hill barons whose power depends on overseeing these domains.

Bell's complaints about the antagonistic White House "power centers" in part reflect the conflict between President and Cabinet inherent in the parochial tendencies of the departments. But they also reflect a conflict between the political instincts of Jimmy Carter and the idealism of Griffin Bell. In one instance Carter, against his political inclination, was compelled by his campaign promises of an "independent" Justice Department to allow his attorney general not to prosecute a Houston cop who had been convicted by a Texas jury of maliciously murdering a Mexican-American but let off with a five-year sentence. Hispanic-Americans cried for his head on a federal platter, and Carter prodded Bell to review the case personally. Bell, while horrified by the crassness of the killing, agreed with subordinates that federal prosecution would be unfair and unwise under the particular circumstances. Carter reacted with this cold handwritten note: "The Rodriguez case was/is very embarrassing to me. I hope you made the right decision. J.C."

Bell also lost on a more basic matter. He lost control of the judicial nominating process to the White House staff political strategists, as he realized when Carter returned a list of prospects with a longhand instruction to Bell to submit someone other than the nominee he had recommended. Bell found this "an outrageous intrusion" and "such a politicization of the process that I thought of resigning." Instead, he wound up meeting with Hamilton Jordan, chief congressional lobbyist Frank Moore, Counsel Bob Lipshutz, and sometimes Jody Powell, to pick nominees to recommend to Carter. And that's how the nation was saddled with what may prove to be Carter's worst legacy—a Carterized judiciary.

Bell's experience with the Carter Administration's passion for poll standings and reelection leads him to propose that the President serve a single six-year term. He announces he will later this year join such worthies as William Simon, Milton Eisenhower, and Cyrus Vance in launching a bipartisan drive to persuade 34 state legislatures to petition for a constitutional convention to write such an amendment. "The provision for a Constitutional Convention was probably the wisest single move of the Founding Fathers," says Bell. "It was and is a safeguard against Washington's getting out of hand. The state legislatures, with the approval of the people, can bring the central government under control." Special interest groups will stoutly resist, he predicts, "because a single-term President would be less vulnerable to the pressure these groups exert than is a President concerned about winning reelection."

Griffin Bell may be remembered as the Great Smuggler of the Carter Administration. To circumvent the Secret Service food-tasters, he carried to a Cabinet meeting hidden in his briefcase a South Georgia delicacy known as rooster-pepper sausage for President Carter. When the Potomac press corps bloodhounds scented the plot, Bell called a formal press conference to unveil the secret sausage recipe, which he solemnly explained requires chicken. "You must use the left leg of the Rhode Island Red rooster," he specified. And when Bell went before the U.S. Supreme Court to argue a case, as attorneys general traditionally must, he chose the famous Tennessee Snail Darter case. For the occasion Bell, decked out in his formal morning coat, smuggled in some genuine evidence to show the High Court, which as an appellate court had never before looked at evidence other than dirty movies. Bell presented the justices with the first genuine *corpus delicti* ever in their history: a tiny snail darter preserved in a test tube. "Heah it is," he drawled, brandishing his fish like a beaming Huckleberry Finn. "This is whut we're talking about, this li'l fish heah." Thus he succeeded in smuggling humor into an administration that, on the whole, proved intensely humorless and stuffy. Bell has a perpetual twinkle in his eye, as if he seems always aware of Henry Fielding's declaration, "Life everywhere furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous."

Had Jimmy Carter bested Ronald Reagan in November 1980, Griffin Bell almost certainly today would be sitting with his twinkling eye on the U.S. Supreme Court in place of Sandra Day O'Connor. It leaves me feeling somewhat like that old country music song line: "My wife ran off with my best friend, and I sure do miss him." □

THE MISMEASURE OF MAN

Stephen Jay Gould / W.W. Norton and Co. / $14.95

Kenneth Martin Stein

Stephen J. Gould is a remarkable man: Professor of Geology at Harvard; renowned paleontologist; star witness in the recent Arkansas "monkey" trial; recipient of a MacArthur Foundation grant for genius; author of two well-received books of essays on evolution, *Ever Since Darwin* and *The Panda's Thumb;* and winner of a National Book Critic's Circle award for his latest book, *The Mismeasure of Man,* a history of attempts to measure human intelligence. He is also a self-professed radical, the sort of guy who feels compelled to apologize for giving his book so sexist a title. But don't let this dissuade you from reading *Mismeasure,* for, as befits a remarkable man, Gould has written a remarkable book. It has its share of flaws, in logic and style, and certainly does not prove all that Gould claims, but still it is a compelling history of science and its abuse.

Gould's thesis is simple: Biological determinists, a nasty lot, have attempted to rank individuals and groups according to a single, innate quantity called intelligence. This, he argues, is an "irrelevant, intellectually unsound, and highly injurious" task. He points out two fallacies that have pervaded scientific inquiries into intelligence, the hereditarian fallacy, i.e., the confusion of "heritable" with "inevitable," and that of

Kenneth Martin Stein is a free-lance writer based in New York City and Cambridge.

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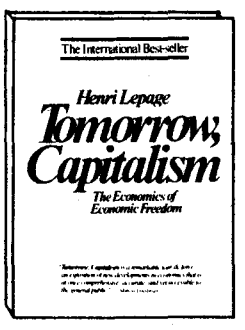

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reification, of assuming that there really is some one thing for us to call intelligence. Gould deals with these in two contexts, looking first at the craniometers of the nineteenth century and then at the IQ testers of the twentieth.

The craniometers, led by the famous French scientist Paul Broca, contended that a person's intelligence could be estimated just by measuring the dimensions of his brain. This procedure was objected to by another Frenchman, Gratiolet, who noted that inasmuch as German brains were, on average, 100 grams heavier than French ones such measures obviously were uncorrelated with intelligence. Science prevailed, however, and Broca and his followers started measuring the brains of everyone from the lowliest criminal to the great Austrian mathematician Karl Gauss. Gauss, moreover, was not the only leading thinker of the age to donate his brain to science in death as well as life. Indeed, craniometry was once accepted as cold scientific fact, and was the leading intellectual fashion of its time.

The real concern of the book, however, is not craniometry but its twentieth-century equivalent, IQ testing. Gould objects not to intelligence testing *per se,* but to some of its applications. He writes that "tests of the IQ type were helpful in the proper diagnosis of my own learning-disabled son. . . . The misuse of mental tests is not inherent in the idea of testing itself." Still, IQ testing has become associated with a long list of abuses, from the outright deception of Sir Cyril Burt in his now-famous study of identical twins, to the nonstandard nature of Yerkes's "standardized" Army tests, to the downright silliness of the questions by which the testers measured intelligence. ("Who was Christy Mathewson?" is one of my favorites!)

Along with repeating these familiar criticisms, Gould brings some subtle statistical arguments to bear upon the issue. He explains the technique of factor analysis, used by Spearman and Burt to "reify" intelligence—to claim that a single mental factor explains success in the many different intellectual activities. He shows, however, that it is possible to find some such general factor just as a statistical result, without any implication of causality. Furthermore, there is no reason to use a factor analysis that searches preferentially for general factors over ones which look for "rotated factor axes," i.e., which ascribe test results to many innate abilities rather than just one. Gould describes one writer who postulates the existence of 120 such factors! Even were we to accept IQ tests as valid, Gould argues, to rank individuals on a unilinear scale of intelligence still makes no sense. Whether they have made sense or not, scientists, from Broca through Arthur Jensen, have drawn up rankings of mental ability. If nothing more, Gould's book is valuable for exposing just how problematic these lists have been.

Mismeasure is not without some problems of its own. When he wants, Gould can write stylishly and logically. He is also capable of ending clear, concise, and logical passages with the most jarringly inappropriate (and politically naive) comments, whether on America's "jingoistic nationalism of WWI," or our "persistent, indigenous racism." He moves from a discourse on a scientific error to a dissertation on the "blinding dogmas of class bias." The unneeded infusion of radical politics into a history of science leaves the book with some serious logical flaws.

The most important of these is his treatment of ranking. Gould presents a persuasive case that we ought not even attempt to rank races or the sexes according to innate intelligence. But then he claims to have shown not just this but the folly of ranking in general. In making this assertion he commits his own two fallacies: First, he fails to distinguish between arguments based upon the statistical behavior of large groups and those relating to the individual; second, and even worse, he exhibits an almost willful disregard of the fact that people are, despite all utopian fantasizing, unequal. He claims that we ought not to reify intelligence we cannot rank, because while some people will excel at one factor, others will excel at others, and we cannot judge between the two. This argument, though fanciful, is absurd. There will always be those who excel at everything as well as those who do not, and some ranking remains possible. Analogously, whether or not some single, general entity which we might call "athletic ability" exists, we can, do, and have every right to judge one person a better athlete than another. Gould fails to recognize that, distasteful though it may be, people are ranked and must be ranked according to their abilities, and that intelligence, call it that or anything else, is one of the most important of such abilities. Standardized testing, to paraphrase Churchill, is the worst way of achieving such a ranking—except for all others.

It is testimony to the eloquence of Gould's argument that his thesis, so obviously flawed, remains powerful For, theory notwithstanding, the abuses of intelligence testing, particularly when politicians have allowed public policy to conform to scientific fashion, are horribly real. The Immigration Restriction Act, passed in 1924 on the basis of Yerkes Army IQ tests, trapped up to six million in Hitler's Reich. Even as intelligent a man as Oliver Wendell Holmes would conclude one of his most famous decisions (*Buck* v. *Bell,* 1926) with what Gould justly termed "one of the most famous and chilling statements of our century." Upholding a Virginia law that sought to sterilize Carrie Buck, who had scored 12 on a Stanford-Binet IQ test, Holmes wrote:

> It is better for all the world, if instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime, or to let them starve for imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes. . . . Three generations of imbeciles are enough.

Neither Buck nor many of the other 7,500 sterilized in Virginia under the law Holmes upheld (these sterilizations continued until 1972) would be considered feeble-minded by today's standards. Gould's book then, for all of the author's obvious political sympathies, presents an essentially conservative message: Scientists should be slow to accept new "facts" presented by new "sciences" and public officials should be slower still to accept these "facts" as a basis for public policy. It is a fascinating history of science that Gould presents, but, more than that, it is a pertinent reminder of the limits of science, and of the costs we impose on others when we ignore these limits. □

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TREASON AGAINST GOD: A HISTORY OF THE OFFENSE OF BLASPHEMY

Leonard W. Levy / Schocken Books / $24.95

Philip F. Lawler

Is Christianity a threat to the First Amendment? In this idiosyncratic history, Leonard Levy seems to be implying that it is. The offense of blasphemy, Levy argues, was very narrowly construed under ancient Judaic laws, so that an offender could be found guilty only under the most strictly defined circumstances. But the birth of Christendom brought a new definition of the crime, so that heresy and blasphemy trials became both common and gruesome.

Surely the history of religious persecution under ostensibly Christian regimes is a great scandal against the faith. But Levy almost implies that the persecutions were planned: that Christianity was set up largely in order to make persecution possible. Thus, in describing the development of early Church doctrine, he mentions: "Still another step, however, had to be taken to elevate the Christian religion to such sacrosanctity that criticism of it could be thought of as blasphemy." Now really. Is *that* why the early Church sought to glorify the religion?

In exhaustive, scholarly detail, Levy recounts the heresy and blasphemy trials of history, concentrating especially on Christian recurrences. The book teems with interesting anecdotes (such as how John Calvin became so incensed with Michael Servetus that he turned him over to their mutual enemies in the Inquisition), and gory depictions of torture and execution. But Levy's argument is too polemical to be truly scholarly; he selects his facts heavy-handedly, and neglects to mention opposing opinions. In the pivotal case—the trial of Jesus—Levy not only shucks off the Gospel versions of that event, but raises the bizarre interpretation that perhaps Jesus and Barabbas were one and the same man!

Levy is similarly subjective in selecting the cases he wants to explore. Until the Reformation, Christian authorities regarded heresy and blasphemy as inextricably linked. As Thomas Aquinas explained, "Heretics blaspheme against God by following a false faith." Levy rejects that argument implicitly, without ever explaining where it is internally inconsistent. Nonetheless, he himself treats the two offenses as identical when it serves his expository purpose. So he has the best of both worlds: He criticizes Christians incessantly for failing to distinguish between the two sins, and yet he cites all prosecutions—for either offense—as evidence that blasphemy was suppressed repeatedly.

Philip F. Lawler is Director of Studies at the Heritage Foundation.

For all its weaknesses, and despite its dry academic tone, this book does raise interesting questions of two sorts. First, when revealed religion is concerned, how does society judge competing claims to truth? And second, to what extent does the public order require the protection of religious beliefs?

On the first question, Levy adheres strictly to the claims of the secular order, as exemplified today by the First Amendment. Fair enough. But if Revelation is true, are its claims not prior? Not surprisingly, Levy espouses the cause of Giordano Bruno, who "found all denominations mean and narrow. . . . His business was to get at the truth of the cosmos." But what if that truth is accessible only through faith—as indeed Christianity claims? What if, in a word, Bruno was wrong? The secular argument has no response to that possibility. Whereas religious leaders can (and, thank God, now do) plead for freedom of conscience out of respect for the dignity of the individual and the need for free acts of worship, the secular advocate can see his argument unravel if the defendant he supports is in error.

But Levy, who by trade is a constitutional scholar, is presumably more interested in the second sort of question. "Blasphemy," he points out, "is a litmus test of the standards a society feels it must enforce to preserve its unity, its peace, its morality, and above all its salvation." Merely from the point of view of civic order, society must prevent some expressions of belief. George Fox, the Quaker founder, was prosecuted (rightly, Levy implies) for disrupting the religious ceremonies of competing denominations. Would such prosecution be possible in America today? Are there any limits to the extent to which unbelievers can revile religion?

A case in point: In his execrable *Mass,* Leonard Bernstein used the most sacred of all Catholic rites as an instrument to ridicule orthodox Catholic beliefs. Is that blasphemy? Does anyone care? □

EDITORIAL

(continued from page 6)

to everybody—promises to save the cities, promises to take care of the sick, the old, the universities. By 1980 we had promised ourselves almost to the point of national bankruptcy."

Today a reviving Tip O'Neill believes Mr. White spoke too soon. He thinks the American people are going to return to his politics of fairy godmotherism this fall. Well, I respectfully counsel caution. It is always difficult to beat something with nothing; and, if I have judged aright the vaporous policies averred by the Democrats, even at their mid-term conference, they now stand for nothing plus tax increases.

The Democrats are going to have to come out and enunciate a substantial policy alternative to Reaganomics besides a tax increase, which, truth to tell, is not as popular with taxpayers as the Democrats seem to think. If they do not, I predict they will lose, and the humanist in me rebels at the thought of my Democratic friends being again denied their rightful place at the public trough. Thus I have scrutinized recent Democratic policies and come up with a list guaranteed to set men's hearts aflame.

To begin with, I urge my Demo-

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cratic friends to come out swinging for socialized medicine. This has been on their minds since the late 1940s. I say thunder out for it now. Put a uniform on every doctor in the land. Admittedly with Medicare and Medicaid we are already close to socialized medicine. But until we completely socialize American medicine our government will not fully realize its potential for fouling up American medicine, making it still more expensive, time-consuming, and idiotic.

The Democratic party takes pride in the fact that it has goaded us a long way toward socialized medicine, but until all doctors and nurses have been turned into bureaucrats the great work remains unfinished. Socialized medicine could cost as much as $30 billion annually, but a country that can spend $5.5 billion annually on sending men into outer space can surely spend $30 billion to send fat people to hospital or at least to a waiting line out in front.

Another policy sure to set the Reaganites on their heels is the guaranteed annual income. In the 1970s this was one of the Democrats' favorite sacks of catnip. In 1972 their presidential candidate, the sainted George McGovern of South Dakota, suggested that the government give every American $1,000 annually. Others have insisted that no American family receive less than half the median wage. I suggest the Democrats demand income supplements that will bring every family to the median income. What a boost that would give to consumer spending. Any nation that can send a man to the moon can bring everyone up to the median income no matter how reckless or stupid it sounds.

Also let us move forward with one of Speaker O'Neill's own favored policies, a well-financed public works program; but give us jobs with dignity, for instance in aerospace and medical research—WPA astronauts and brain surgeons, it has a ring to it. And while on the subject of jobs I urge the Democrats to come out for a truly tough affirmative action policy plus more government regulation. These are the Democratic policies that have bestirred the Republic.

Finally, to deal with high interest rates let the Democrats call for government-allocated credit and that old favorite, wage and price controls —spike inflation before it begins. Any country that can patrol a 55 mph limit can patrol the wages and prices of every man, woman, and child. The Albanians do it. Why not us?

So there you are. If the Democrats will not come forward with their alternative to Reaganomics, I will. Coyness gets one nowhere in modern American politics. Fellow Democrats, charge! □

CORRESPONDENCE

Diplomatic Dissent

Though I was flattered to see "Rustam," the reviewer of my book *Inside the Iranian Revolution* (*TAS*, July 1982), refer to me as one of "two top American diplomats in Iran" (I was not), the review is disappointingly shallow and reads like a hastily-done graduate school book report. For example, the reviewer cites an alleged memorandum of mine published recently by the Khomeini government as clues to my thoughts, when there is better, clearer evidence easily available in the final chapters of the book.

Even more misleading is the reviewer's failure to distinguish between American diplomats and American politicians. Most of his criticism of the U.S. might more properly be aimed at decision-makers than at America's diplomats in the field. While the latter did participate in the decision-making process, my own broader point is that the most important issues became what choices were made and how, not how much was known (a great deal, as the review itself suggests).

The reviewer's understanding of both Iranian and American options in the later stages of the revolution is also one-dimensional. He is critical of Ambassador Sullivan's recommendations to strike an accord between the military and the moderate opposition, believing that the religious groups were already too strong to be restrained or diverted. Yet, he does not seem to realize how truly fluid the Iranian situation was from September to December 1978—perhaps because he was not there?

Since the revolution, Iranians have focused on American deficiencies, but there were more fundamental and drastic choices to make and opportunities missed for Iranians—after all, it is their country. Wouldn't it be interesting to hear from a knowledgeable Iranian about what his countrymen perceive their choices to have been? Then interested Americans would have a better basis for assessing the results of their own decisions

—John D. Stempel
Bethesda, Maryland

Rustam replies:

Mr. Stempel makes four points in his letter. Regarding the first, I have reread his final chapters and am still at a loss as to his thoughts, and note that he does not deny the cited memorandum. Second, as the books reviewed were written by American diplomats, I concentrated on their role and comments rather than on those of American politicians who obviously bear overall responsibility. Third, my criticism of the Sullivan solution rests not on the strength of the clergy but on my perceptions of the weaknesses of both the Iranian military and the moderate opposition, not to mention the very lateness of the whole idea. Fourth, as I said at the end of my review, the American role in Iran was only *part* of the story, and the onus for the revolution, at least in my mind, lies squarely with Iranians. (But surely Mr. Stempel appreciated the interests of the U.S while stationed in Iran, and so I am puzzled why he now conveniently washes his hands of America's "debacle" by his remark, "After all, it is their country.")

As for the tone of Mr. Stempel's letter, I can in reply only quote Iran's great thirteenth-century poet Sadi,

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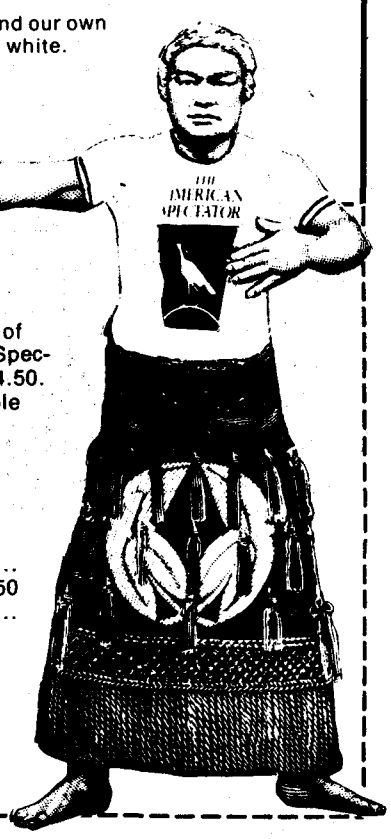

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whom Mr. Stempel just may have come across during his five years in Iran:

Two wise men do not contend and quarrel
Nor does a scholar fight with a contemptible fellow.
If an ignorant man in his rudeness speaks harshly
An intelligent man tenderly reconciles his heart. . . .

Seabed Staffers

I couldn't help but be drawn to R. Emmett Tyrrell's editorial comments in the July issue on the Law of the Sea conference ("Seabed Socialism"), since I spent about five years as either a staff participant or observer of those events in the mid-seventies.

During those years of fervent rhetoric on behalf of surrendering American interests, there seemed to be room for only two opinions: the one-worlders' view that the resources of the ocean were indeed the "common heritage of mankind"; or an attitude of skepticism that only a few politicians were willing to express. Needless to say, through the administrations of Presidents Nixon, Ford, and Carter, the skeptics were much in the minority.

As a committee staffer working for Sen. Ernest F. Hollings (D-S.C.), I attended several of the sessions and read much of the documentation. It was clear to me as early as 1974 that a large and self-satisfied bureaucracy was looking after itself very well, thank you. The State Department had by then even created a huge "advisory committee," most of whose members enjoyed the ego gratification of being invited to comment on U.S. positions and thus swell the engorged staff at work on this project.

Frankly, I am amazed even today that the effort has been derailed. Where so many bureaucrats, lawyers, college professors, and other hangers-on had their self-interest to protect, one must certainly give credit where credit is due to those responsible for forcing our government to take a second look. No doubt the Claiborne Pells of this world will be wringing their hands for a long time, but I will always think Fritz Hollings hit the nail on the head when he summed it up this way: "That's the biggest meet and eat group I ever saw!" We could use more of his common sense these days.

—John F. Hussey
St. Louis, Missouri

Tom Wolfe's Taki

Tom Wolfe's review of *High Life/Low Life* (*TAS*, July 1982) reminded me of how much I disliked Taki's article "Ugly Women" (*TAS*, March 1981). This article, as I recall, provoked the anger not only of "feminist groups," but also of a number of your readers.

I write to remind you that at least some of the people who buy your magazine are not entertained by Taki's racial witticisms, do not share his fascination with wealth and celebrity, and are not amused by his insulting attitude toward women.

I am no feminist, but I am enraged by his idea that it is funny to evaluate women's politics and their beauty in the same breath—indeed, to argue a relationship between the two. Jane Fonda deserves to be dismissed for her political views without physical attractiveness entering the argument. The smug chauvinism Taki displays in his article is an attitude women do have to confront on occasion; I assure you that it is painful and humiliating to be regarded as a more or less decorative object whose ideas need not be listened to as a man's would be. Conservative men are understandably defensive about feminist issues, but the foolishness of radical feminists does not justify disregard for the feelings of women in general. I don't want to think that Taki's efforts at humor are applauded by most conservatives, and I don't believe that insensitivity is the conservative message. It is not feminism but humanity which suggests that people deserve to be listened to on their own terms and not exposed constantly to a physical evaluation—at least in print—because they are women.

Based on "Ugly Women" and on the specimens of Taki's writing cited in Mr. Wolfe's review, I seriously doubt that Taki will make a valuable contribution to your editorial staff.

—Lisa D. Jacobs
Ann Arbor, Michigan

As a female who is apparently genetically incapable of embracing the wonders of feminism, it is heartening to know that America's feminists have such an articulate foe as Taki to take some of the heat for women like me. As I read Tom Wolfe's review of *High Life/Low Life*, it dawned on me why I've been feeling rather isolated of late. Being the widowed mother of four grown sons whose wives are all feminists, I've become more unpopular than any mother-in-law deserves, all because of my obvious lack of appreciation for the women's movement. Unless you understand what it's like to be antifeminist in a largely feminist world, it's hard to describe my feelings on reading an article in a Catholic newspaper in which the author (a female) was nearly delirious over the news that men today are becoming more "nurturing" and more "caring" than fathers were in the past. She seemed totally untroubled by the fact that mothers are becoming increasingly unmotherly, inasmuch as our society now frowns on permitting anything at all to come between a lady and her career or other interests. The fact that mother and her "hood" have now been separated seems of little moment to these delighted females.

So thank you Taki for speaking out and standing up for something *any* red-blooded male should be happy to do, and that's to refuse to hand over your manhood to these shrieking shills of feminism's wonders. Heaven will reserve a place for you!

—Arla J. Tracz
Falls Church, Virginia

We Welcome New Subscribers

I think your rag is poisonous, also anti-women, but it's the only interestingly written entry from a perspective mostly devoid of intellectual content, so I'll take advantage of your subscription offer. If it were a nickel higher I wouldn't consider it.

As for Emmett Tyrrell (all those redundant consonants), he looks pretty, which is why you have that picture of him looking fashionably rumpled, but he also has that give-away fanatical gleam in his eye which is characteristic of young men who (often) went to Princeton and turned out thinking the whole world should be an extension of that scrubbed suburb of the CIA.

—Carolyn Marvin
Annenberg School of Communications
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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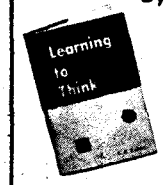

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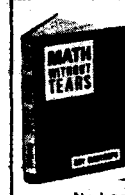

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CURRENT WISDOM

The New Republic

The plaintive rebuke of a sorely-tried ethical pioneer espied on the correspondence section of a leading journal of speciesism:

The most disappointing aspect of Timothy Noah's polemic against the new animal liberation movement is the total absence of any attempt to come to grips with the serious ethical arguments that underlie the movement. In my book, *Animal Liberation,* I outlined these ethical arguments at some length. It is typical of the level of discussion in Mr. Noah's article that after quoting a passage from my book in which I say that our attitudes toward members of other species are a form of prejudice no less objectionable than prejudice about a person's race or sex, Mr. Noah simply says "either this sort of talk makes you angry or it doesn't." If all discussion of ethical issues were at this level we couldn't get anywhere except by brute force.

Mr. Noah suggests that Alex Pacheco, the activist who exposed the suffering in Taub's laboratory, should ask an Auschwitz survivor how he likes the analogy between the Nazi murders and the speciesism evident in the treatment of Taub's monkeys. Mr. Noah says that Pacheco would get "an uncivil answer." Perhaps Mr. Noah would like to ask Isaac Bashevis Singer (no relation to me) what he thinks of the analogy. Singer, though he may not be exactly an Auschwitz survivor, is someone who because of his background and the people he writes about must have a deep appreciation for the significance of Auschwitz. Yet he is on record as saying, "For the animals, Auschwitz is going on all the time."

—Peter Singer
Monash University
Melbourne, Australia
[*July 12, 1982*]

The New Statesman

Miss Anna Coote, British feminist, reports on another of those spermatic dialogues from which come the Great Ideas of the feminist pestilence:

It was comforting (if not convincing) to be told by the *Sunday Times* last weekend that aggressiveness in the male is a gift of nature. I wouldn't want to blame the behavior of my five-year-old nephew on the nurturing activities of my sister, of whom I am very fond. The other day, watching the little fellow rapturously at play with his new toy fort, I dutifully inquired: "Do the soldiers *have* to kill each other?" "Of course," he replied sweetly. "These are the goodies and these are the baddies and the goodies have to fight till all the baddies are dead." I swear I couldn't help what happened next. It welled up inside me, and out it came: "But, Ben, you don't think baddies might *have a point of view?*" The worst thing about being a feminist aunty is the sense that one is drowning, weighted at each ankle with a large bag of muesli, in a Posy Simmonds cartoon.

[*January 15, 1982*]

The Great Books Series

An elegant passage yanked from the pages of one of the great works of political philosophy to be published during this American Renaissance:

. . . a few years ago the pollution of streams was thought of only as a problem of smelly, unsightly, unpotable water *i.e.,* to us. Now we are beginning to discover that pollution is a process that destroys wondrously subtle banks. This heightened awareness enlarges our sense of the dangers to us. But it also enlarges our empathy. We are not only developing the scientific capacity, but we are cultivating the personal capacities *within us* to recognize more and more the ways in which nature—like the woman, the Black, the Indian and the Alien—is like us (and we will also become more able realistically to define, confront, live with and admire the ways in which we are all different).

Should Trees Have Standing?
by Christopher D. Stone
William Kaufmann, Inc., 1974

The New York Times Book Review

From an advertisement booming the tome *Holy Terror* to America's urban sophisticates, the ones whose teeth have been chattering since election night, 1982:

- Bill Bright, founder and president of Campus Crusade for Christ, bankrolled in part by the richest private individual on earth, Nelson Bunker Hunt.
- Paul Weyrich, architect of the preachers-into-politics movement to "Christianize" America.
- Richard A. Viguerie, "mail chauvinist" and perhaps the most important man in the fundamentalist right network, who explains, "We sell our magazines, our books, and our candidates through the mail."
- John Terry Dolan, one of the most dreaded figures in official Washington today, the "hit man" of the new right.
- Jesse Helms, "perhaps the most dangerous legislator to come down the pike since Joe McCarthy."
- and many others. Conway and Siegelman traveled 10,000 miles, interviewed people on all sides of the issue, confirmed frightening tales of "open warfare" being waged in communities and on campuses, and came to understand how close this coalition is to realizing its goal—the United States as a fundamentalist nation.

[*June 27, 1982*]

The Washington Post

The perceptive Miss Judy Mann reports on the keen insights of a no-nonsense gal preparing to don the diplomat's top hat in the irenic age of the New Woman:

"When women sit down to talk about common interests," said Mary Grefe, "our children, our health, our environment become priorities over our nationalism, our provincialism. When I talk to a Japanese woman or a German woman, I don't talk as an American, I talk as a mother, a grandmother and an educator."

Grefe was watching the concluding session of the Women's Leadership Conference on National Security, an extraordinary meeting of several hundred American women, which she chaired. The conference was designed to get American women talking about national security and survival, and it left Grefe with the conviction that powerful mutual interests held by American and Soviet women might help break down the barriers of distrust between the two nations. The conference attracted people from 33 states. But next time, said Grefe, she wants to have women from the Soviet Union.

"Dr. (Helen) Caldicott (head of the Physicians for Social Responsibility,) says they have films that show the effects of nuclear war just like we do and that they're showing it on their TV," says Grefe. "All right. I'd like them to bring their films over and show them."

[*June 18, 1982*]

Rolling Stone

William Greider, in an eminent journal of culture, makes bold to reveal a question that enraptures us all:

Behind the political filigree of grandly worded budget resolutions, just one question confronts the members of Congress, the only question they must answer between now and the elections in November, no matter how you phrase it: Which citizens will be forced to make up for the enormous deficits created by Ronald Reagan's economic policy? Who will pay for last year's mistakes? Who are *we* going to screw?

[*June 24, 1982*]

The New York Times Book Review

Mr. Bob Kuttner, editor of *Working Papers* magazine, speaks in tongues, the tongue of Pinocchio:

The American welfare state has proved surprisingly vulnerable to Ronald Reagan's assault. Programs for the "truly needy"—food stamps, public housing, aid to families with dependent children, CETA jobs, Medicaid—have been washed out, with little outcry from the broader public.

[*June 27, 1982*]

The Boston Globe

A brief account of *la vie intellectuelle* at Harvard reveals the vast sociopolitical network available to the great institution of the higher learning:

The Senior Week list of speakers scheduled to address Harvard University's 1600 graduating members of the Class of 1982 on Monday afternoon includes Kermit the Frog.

"Kermit has always been an amusing but intelligent speaker," Class of '82 member Michael Levitin, who came up with the idea, said. "He always has profound things to say."

Levitin said Lisa Henson, daughter of Muppets creator Jim Henson, attends Harvard and was instrumental in getting Kermit to talk.

[*June 1982*]

The Daily Californian

Crack reporter Annie O'Connor hands down another lucid report on the arrival of a great man to U Cal:

Michael Manley, the former Prime Minister of Jamaica who raised Jamaican living standards and aroused the anger of foreign investors with his sweeping social reforms, will speak on campus tomorrow night on "Politics in the Third World." . . .

An outspoken critic of the relationship between multi-national corporations and Third World countries, Manley blamed "international destabilization policies" for the economic woes plaguing Jamaica at the end of his eight-year tenure. Economic problems were one reason for Manley's defeat in the 1980 elections by conservative candidate Edward Seaga.

[*March 26, 1982*]

The Nation

Midst a report on the recrudescent Red Scare now driving America's progressives into hiding, Todd Gitlin, sociologist and mass communications prof, provides a luminous *aperçu* into the mind of the ritualized liberal:

I spoke recently with two CBS executives who had attended the scheduling meetings in New York where *Lou Grant* was dumped. Both flatly denied that Asner's politics was mentioned, let alone discussed. But often a central issue is so firmly planted in everyone's mind it need not be mentioned; Nixon and his co-conspirators, for example, didn't bother to go on about the evils of Communism.

[*June 26, 1982*]

The Humanist

An inspirational report from a fat old aunt at the *Humanist:*

The Association for Humanistic Psychology, in its newsletter for November, is chuck-full of New Age thinking that puts any narrow religious concepts to shame. John Naisbitt, publisher of *Trend Report*, writes on "Conspiracy for a New World": "As Jean Houston has told us, we are living in the time of the parenthesis, a time between eras. The time of the parenthesis is a great and yeasty time, a time of change, a time of great uncertainty . . . a time of great opportunity . . . a fantastic time to be alive." Carl Rogers, Tom Hayden, and George Leonard add to ebullient affirmations of life today. . . .

[*January / February 1982*]

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(From a letter smuggled out of the USSR and printed in The New York Times, June 8, 1980.)

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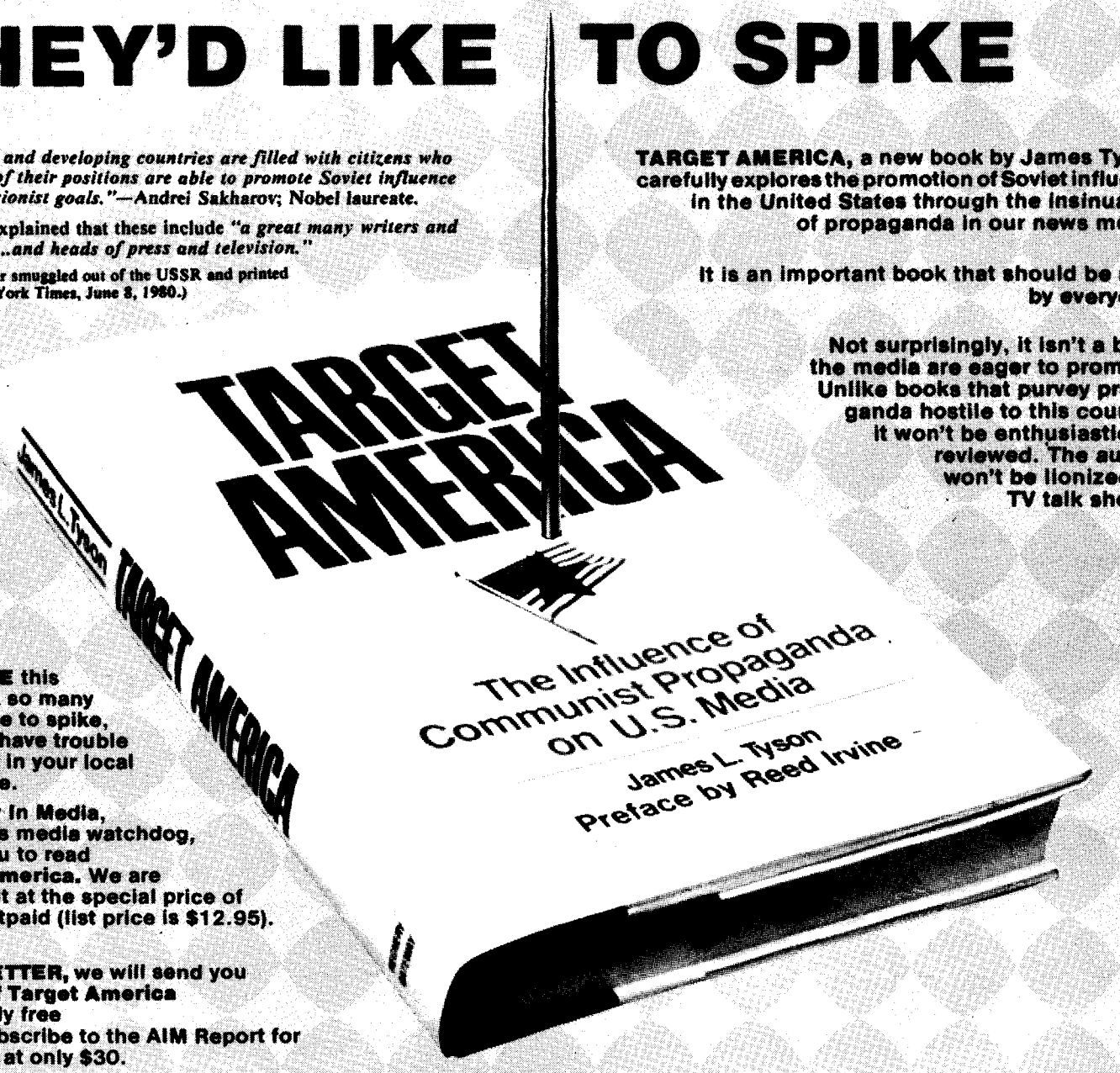

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